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FROM THE BRONZE IN THE MONUMENT TO THE FIRST
NEW JERSEY BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG

SERVICE

WITH THE

FRENCH TROOPS

IN

AFRICA

BY AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

NEW YORK : 1844

Gen.
Gen John Watts Hearn.
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AFRICA:

SERVICE WITH THE FRENCH TROOPS.

THE CAMPAIGN OF JUNE, 1840—EXPEDITION AGAINST MILIANAH.

IN the province of Algiers, the peace (of the Tafra) that had been made with the Arabs continued unbroken for the space of two years, when, with the suddenness of our own Indians, the first signal of war was given by the massacre of an entire detachment at Oued-le-leg, in October, 1839. And it was then the French found that the power they had consolidated in the hands of Abd-el-Kader, for the purpose of establishing a united people of the scattered tribes of Arabs, had been intrusted to one who knew how to wield it for his own aggrandizement. Owing to this same short-sighted policy, which furnished French officers as instructors to discipline his wild people, and provided artillery, arms, and all the munitions of war—to this, rather than to the assistance of his powerful coadjutor, the king (1) of Tunis, Abd-el-Kader found himself indebted for being at the head of a disciplined army of some thousands,* besides the countless Bedouin cavalry of the plains, and indomitable Kabyles of the mountains; all urged on, and united by, religious fanaticism against the

* Abd-el-Kader's army was rated at about five or six thousand regular troops, being infantry, and some two thousand Spahis, or regular cavalry, officered very much, by deserters from the French camp.

French. Their chief, who was, moreover, the head of their religion, by birth the Grand Marabout, had appealed to this never-failing tocsin of Mahomedanism

About this same time the Duc d'Orleans, at the head of an army, by an unexpected movement, deceived the Arabs as to his real point of attack, and passed the impregnable and immemorially celebrated defile of the Bibans, or Gates-of-Iron. This pass, the late masters of the country, the Turks, had never entered without paying tribute to its unconquerable mountain-defenders, the Kabyles,* and through this the Romans, who overran the whole country to the ocean, tradition bespeaks never to have ventured; and here alone, throughout this region, they have left no vestige of their dominion. As for results, this expedition was productive of none, excepting the temporary astonishment excited by its rashness, for it was accomplished without meeting a foe.

From the want of troops and sufficient means, this outbreak of Abd-el-Kader was followed by no immediate grand expedition on the part of the French against the Arabs, and the war was confined to continued skirmishing of single corps. As for the colonists† of the Metidjah, they had been at once swept from the plains, flying for refuge to the towns, the troops themselves scarce venturing out of their strong-holds. One affair, however, is too brilliant

* Kabyles is a general name for the inhabitants of the ranges of the Atlas mountains. They are very poor, but fierce; good marksmen, and skilled in partisan war.

† The French are too local in their attachments to make good colonists, and the population of the French African possessions are principally Germans and Spaniards. Still, the richness of the fair plain of the Metidjah had tempted many, and had it not been for this unexpected invasion of the Arabs, the French authorities had considered this embryo settlement as having attained a permanency. The plain of the Metidjah is thirty leagues or more in length, averaging some ten to fifteen in width, bounded by the first range of the Atlas and the high hilly region on the sea, stretching out in a semi-circular direction, commencing just beyond the "Maison Carrée," four leagues east of Algiers, and running west till it again meets the sea in the region of Churchill; it is well watered, its streams skirted with the orange grove, and, withal, unrivalled by any European soil for richness.

to be passed over : it was where a corps, headed by Marshal Valee in person, came unexpectedly on a part of Abd-el-Kader's regular army. It was a conflict of short but desperate duration, and was decided by Colonel Bojolti, (Pays de Bojolti,) with his 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, charging and breaking in upon the enemy's regular infantry. It was a lesson they never got over, for, in the subsequent operations of the spring, they never once ventured within striking distance of the cavalry, however ready to contest desperately the mountain defiles with the infantry. Early in January a grand expedition was talked of, then put off till February, and still further postponed till April, nor actually taking place till the 26th of that month. These delays were principally owing to the tardiness with which requisite means were forthcoming ; a constant, if not decided opposition to it having been always made in the Chamber of Deputies, until at length the opposition yielded on coming into power, and the president, Thiers, declared, though not till the month of May, their determination to support with vigor the affairs of Africa.

This expedition, which set out on the 26th of April, [1840] had for its objects the taking of the towns of Medeah and Milianah. The first had formerly been besieged and taken by Marechal Clausel when governor-general, but had subsequently been given up, as being too distant to have a bearing on the colonization of the Metidjah. Still, the way to it was known. Milianah, on the other hand, lay beyond the range of the "Smaller Atlas," in the plain of the Cheliff, a region where no European * had ever trod (2). Previous to the commencing the main operations of the spring, Cherrchell, (the ancient Julia Cesarea,) a small place

* I have omitted two exceptions : the one was that of a French surgeon, who, during the peace, had ingratiated himself with Abd-el-Kader ; the other was a French captain of chasseurs, who, having been sent as envoy, was conducted blindfolded, until, being unbandaged, on opening his eyes he found himself in the splendid palace of the Dey of Milianah. The European workmen of his armories were deserters in his own army, or those who, having been allowed him during peace, he afterwards detained.

some seventeen leagues from Algiers west, had been seized by a small column of infantry, accompanied by an expedition by sea, and occupied without resistance by the Duc d'Aumale. The principal object was to make it one of the places constituting the basis of operations. The army intended for the spring campaign amounted to about thirteen or fourteen thousand men of all corps, attended by a numerous convoy. This, it may be added, is the chief obstacle to all movements in this country; for the French are obliged to carry with them their entire subsistence for themselves, and the cavalry rations for the horse.

As the Arabs were in large force in the plain, (some eight thousand,) the troops were engaged almost the moment they commenced their advance. The days of the 27th, 28th, and 30th, their "tirailleurs" (skirmishers) had constant partial engagements with the enemy, which, at times, became general and severe. On the 27th, a general charge of all the cavalry (about two thousand in all) took place, but was attended with no particular results, as the Arabs fled in all directions, not waiting to receive it. Subsequently, for some days, the army remained in the plain of the Metidjah, manœuvring in vain to bring the Arabs to an engagement, marching to Cherchell to deposit their wounded, receive anew another provisionment, as well as to relieve it from a large force of Arabs, who were laying desperate siege to it; * after that, by a movement to the

* It was here, at this time, that some of the hardest and most desperate fighting took place during the whole year. It was defended by the celebrated Colonel Cavaignac, then *chef de battalion* of Zouaves—the company, commanded by a Corsican, (I met him afterwards, but forget his name) of sixty men, had but seventeen left alive; and of them, all but three were badly wounded, himself of the number. I believe that it belonged to the "Foreign Legion," (*Legion Etrangère*.) It was at this time that the writer arrived in Africa, and had I have had a proper authorization from the French government, I could at once have been permitted to join the army, for officers who came over in the "Acheron" with me did so. But more private letters from our minister had not sufficient weight, as great secrecy was kept up in relation to the movements of the army in the field; and though the commandant of Algiers, the Colonel de Marengo, was a friend of our

left, returning towards Blida to the Col de Teneah, a difficult gorge in the mountains, and which it was necessary for them to force as the only known approach to Medeah.* It was accordingly attacked the morning of the 12th of May; the infantry being formed in three columns or divisions, supported by artillery. The cavalry were left at the Houish de Moussaiah (Ferme de Mousaiah) to protect the convoy, and watch the movements of the Arab horse, who were still in great numbers in the plain of the Metidjah.† This was a brilliant affair, perhaps the most so of the spring, and in it the Zouaves, and 12th and 17th light infantry, were most particularly distinguished. The action, owing to the length of the passes and height to be attained, continued for seven or eight hours' hard fighting; and the peal of the musketry was augmented to a heavy roar by the resonation of the mountains. The killed and wounded in this action amounted to some sixty killed, and four hundred wounded. The height, however, once occupied, the entire army crossed without annoyance the chain, and proceeded without further opposition to Medeah, which was abandoned by the Arabs on their approach. After a rest here for some few days to recruit the force of the army, a garrison of two thousand men were left, under the command of the veteran and aged General Duvivier, celebrated as an

consul, and would have befriended me, he did not dare to direct me to go to Cherchell. I have always looked back on this with great regret; for, though the taking of Medeah was a very secondary thing, nor the campaign so desperate as when, a month later, the heats of June scattered sickness through the army, still the presence of the Princes d'Orleans and d'Aumale gave an eclat to this, which the other, with the distant public, did not possess.

* Medeah lay on the other side of the first range of the Atlas, in a very rugged and almost mountainous region of country, which gradually opened out, and, as it proved to be, at the western extremity of the plain of the Cheliff.

† It was a remarkable fact, proving that another and better pass must exist near, that the entire Bedouin cavalry evacuated one plain and passed over to the other in some very few hours, less than half a day, which a single unmolested horseman could not have accomplished by the pass of the Col de Teneah.

engineer officer. It was here, at this time, from want of sufficient subsistence with the convoy to provision the army for the required period, since much time had been wasted, that Marshal Vaez deemed it expedient, most especially as the situation of Milianah was reported very strong, and the approaches to it by the plain of the Cheliff were unknown, to make a retrograde motion on Algiers, and leave this the undertaking of an immediately subsequent expedition. The army, in its march back, had another serious engagement on the 20th of May; the Arabs attacking and attempting to cut off their rear-guard and the cavalry in the intricacies of the mountains. The army re-entered Algiers on the 23d of May. *

* I have before stated that I arrived in Africa on the 7th May, that I had been kindly received by Colonel Sacroux, an old imperial officer, and now the commander of the National Guard of Algiers, (which he had organized,) and the protector of American interests, holding the consulship. He presented me to Colonel de Marengo, the then commanding officer of the place, and channel of communication between the marshal and France. But my letters were insufficient, as government authorization would alone have sufficed; and I was obliged to give up all hopes of joining the main army, which, had I been properly provided, I might have done, as before shown, at Cherchell. My time, however, was spent in visiting the forts and fortified camps around Algiers. A week was thus passed, not wholly without excitement, for a party of Arabs made a roving attack within two leagues of Algiers. On the 14th May, General Corbin, the commander of the district of Algiers, arrived there. I was presented to him by Colonel de Marengo. He received me remarkably politely, said I had no hopes of joining the army, but advised my visiting the different posts, to give me an idea of garrison service in time of war. He gave me letters, and I visited the celebrated camp at Douera on the 17th May, where there are barracks and accommodations for five thousand men and two thousand cavalry. I remained here that day and the 18th, minutely examining its works, the disposition of its buildings, the plans of the stables, the duties of the guards, the wakefulness of the pickets, its advanced posts, mode of communicating intelligence from the distant videttes, points of look-out, &c. The camp of Douera was garrisoned by the 3d light infantry, a regiment newly arrived in Africa, and one which had not as yet seen the fire of a fight. On the 19th, a moveable column under General Rostolan was sent out to convoy provisions to the Houish de Moussaiah, and to bring back the survivors of the four hundred wounded of the late affair of the 12th. I obtained permission to accompany them, and did so. That night we marched to Boufarick, in the plains, and the next day reached the point of destination. The column consisted, in all,

The taking of Milianah, and the occupation of the plain of the Cheliff had been proposed for this late expedition on its setting out: and, with the natural excitability of their temperament, the French looked to this with hopeful expectation, for it was something new. Medeah had not for them the same interest, as it had on a previous occasion come under their power. This excitement was kept up till the very last; all communication, other than by telegraph, being cut off the moment an army emerges on the plain. The army itself, in this its unexpected return, was the first to bring the news of the contrary; then, in a moment, expectation gave way to disappointment. Disgust was loudly murmured around, and the marshal's recall was momentarily expected.* The

of about two thousand men; two hundred horse, being the broken detachments of invalided men who had been left behind by the cavalry regiments, in the advance. The 20th of May we set out on our return. We were under arms at four o'clock, or early day-break; three hours were occupied in putting the sick into wagons and other hospital conveyances, but after that, the march was a forced one. The column had been attacked the preceding day by some five hundred Arabs, but the skirmishing was very slight, and every now and then "*obusiers-de-montagne*" (mountain-howitzers) would be wheeled up into position, and scatter their main body right and left, and intimidate for the while their skirmishing. Friday, we were again attacked by a somewhat smaller body of the tribe of the Hadjouts, who followed us up the first part of the morning, until we had crossed the river Chiffa. Before leaving the Houish de Moussaiah, we beheld, on the summit of the Col de Teneah, a heavy cloud of dust, which was supposed to be that of a division of the army of Marshal Valée, presumed to have been sent after the provisions we had convoyed. The surprise of all was very great, when, on the day following, it was ascertained to have been the whole army itself, thus unexpectedly returning. This day's march was a handsomely forced one, for by eight o'clock in the evening (just about twilight) we reached Douera, a distance of thirteen leagues, (thirty-nine miles,) one hour's stopping being made in all, and half an hour the longest time. Thus had I been unexpectedly initiated into service. I marched on foot entirely. However, this forced marching was only for the 3d lights and the cavalry, the other regiments halting at Bonfarick, or moving to the Ferme Modèle, and other nearer posts in the neighborhood.

*It was vulgarly reported that the marshal, on the day of his departure, a week afterwards, for his second expedition, forbade a steamer to land, for fear that she might have brought the authority of his withdrawal. The marshal was distrusted as a general. All granted him to be an artillery

princes * left the 24th, the absence of the Duc d'Orleans having been limited by the French authorities before he left Paris, which time was now nearly expired. This, and the heats of the advancing season, no troops having ever been kept so late as June in the field, seemed to embarrass any further movements, but the marshal saw that the little he had accomplished with the immense means that had been placed at his disposition would not justify him to his king and the French people; and that the disgust openly shown at Algiers by citizens and military alike, was but a prototype and precursor of the heavy indignation that would burst forth at home on the news of his inactivity or incapability transpiring there. All this, then, determined to a second expedition, which accordingly opened the 1st of June, 1840.

On Monday, the 1st of June, the troops † were put in

officer of no common talents, for he had distinguished himself in conducting one of the principal sieges on the Rhine in times of the emperor, and had subsequently modified materially the French system of artillery. But this is looked on as a speciality, and mere accident alone placed him at the head of the army. It was that, at the siege of Constantine, as chief of artillery, he was second in rank to General Dauremont, and on his death was of course the one to succeed. Constantine was taken, and though the appointment was distrusted, he was created marshal, and continued governor-general.

* The prince had volunteered for Africa, much in the bravery and gallantry of all that family; more, however, as a means of popularity with the French people, and much to enable Louis Philippe to proudly say: "*J'ai envoyé mon fils aîné.*" Their real service in Africa must not, however, be exaggerated. The Duc d'Orleans commanded a division, and fought it bravely in the affair of the Col de Teneah, of the 12th. The Duc d'Aumale (about twenty) had acted as his aid, (*officier d'ordonnance*), but the Marshal Valée was much opposed to their serving with him, and all allowed that their presence was detrimental, they not acting subservient to the plans of the commanding general, but causing all the army to act in relation to them, watching to secure their safety.

† General Schramm, with much difficulty, from my want of an authorization from the French government, and from the dislike and sourness of the marshal to foreigners in general, (there were two Danish and seventeen Belgian officers, and a Russian traveller and officer, the Count d'Oelsen,) obtained permission for me to join the army. I was accordingly attached, just the day before we set out, to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique, under Colonel

motion, and debouching from their different cantonments in the vicinity of Algiers, and their posts in the highlands next the sea, concentrated at Bouffarick and Blida, the days of the 2d, 3d, and 4th.

June 4th.—The army having been united, the whole

Pays de Bojulli. At eight o'clock on Monday morning we left their fortified cantonment near Algiers, and by a by-path proceeded directly up the high hill surrounding the city, regaining the main road some seven miles back. We passed by Douera, leaving it somewhat to the right, descended into the plain of the Metidjah, and entered Boufarick that afternoon. About the same time the celebrated Zouaves arrived from their large post to the west of Douera. I was attached to the fourth squadron of this regiment of chasseurs, commanded by the veteran Captain Assena, an old imperial officer of cavalry. No regiment can be long in Africa, especially those formed particularly for this war, that does not present some striking characters. Of those who were with us, not above a half of the full complement of officers, for many were absent on sick leave in France; many were always retained as requisite at the depot of the regiment, and many were *hors du combat* from the late preceding campaign; but take these as they were. Colonel Bojulli had been aid to Marshal Bessières, and was at his side when killed, in 1814. Captain Assena had entered the army at sixteen, and with five brothers made the campaign of Wagram. He had served in the hussars, and had been engaged in an actual shock of cavalry "charging," it being in defence of the emperor's person. He had a year or so before been with his squadron attacked by a superior number of Arabs and been surrounded, cutting his way out. An interesting circumstance about him was, that three of his brothers had been killed in the imperial wars and circumstances prevented the other two meeting until this very year, when he arrived in Africa as captain of a fresh regiment of infantry. A young Captain Desbrow, of this regiment, had nearly been killed and taken, when he was rescued by the then Colonel (now General) Lamoricière. He had headed with his section a small charge of cavalry *en fourageur*, (skirmishing,) and his platoon was beaten back; an Arab in the mêlée shot his horse, the ball passing through both his own thighs, and through and through the horse. The Arabs seeing him down, all made a rush at him, but it being in a thin wood, by a wonderful chance he eluded all their blows; at last, an Arab seized him by the neck with one hand, and was just about piercing him with his yatagan, when Colonel Lamoricière, who was commanding the rear guard, seeing his men returning without him, and observing all the Arabs rushing to the spot, feared something of the kind, ordered a rescue, and himself spurred foremost, just arriving in time to bring the Arab to the ground ere the fatal blow was given. Colonel Lamoricière then helped to raise him on his horse, and returned in safety. Desbrow's wound was a very severe one, but he completely recovered. One of the lieutenants of the regiment was remarkable from, perhaps, the heaviest scar of a sabre-

was put in movement about mid-day of the morning of the 4th. The light cavalry brigade, composed of two regiments of march, being the six squadrons of 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique,* as many squadrons of hussars and chasseurs, (arrived that year from France,) amounting in all to

cut that ever seamed a soldier's face without taking life ; it had been a horizontal blow, cutting right down through the nose, which was hollowed nearly even to his face and ridged up with a ghastly seam nearly equally either cheek. It was done many years previously near Douera, whilst with a party of unarmed chasseurs, taking their horses to a watering-place, in very sight of the garrison. In a moment they were surrounded ; but two men succeeded in forcing their horses through, one badly wounded ; the picket guard galloped out to their rescue. One man unhorsed, the only one armed, being the " lieutenant of the week," was still, though wounded, keeping them at bay ; all the rest had been massacred on the spot. This one, then a sergeant, was taken up lifeless, and unrecognizable from blood and dirt. Another, Dumont, had been in the French expedition to the Morea, when Ibrahim Pacha, the same who now figures so largely as son of Mehemet Ali, was ravaging Greece. It was one of the captains of this regiment, and now present with the expedition, who had been conveyed as emissary, blindfolded, to Milianah. One of the *Chefs d'Escadron*, Commandant Maurice, was distinguished from having, in a melee which took place whilst acting with his squadron as skirmishers, personally grappled with three Arabs, two of whom he killed ; the third, however, a wiry, powerful man, had succeeded in prostrating the commandant and might have killed him, as Maurice's sword had been broken, but for the chasseurs, who galloped to the rescue. He had been very intimate with our Mrs. Bryant, and the rest of General Reibell's family, and spoke English. But of all striking characters, was the Commandant Boscarin, chief of the two squadrons of Spahis attached to our regiment. He had been born in the French West India Islands, and spoke English somewhat. He was truly the personification of a gallant looking Arab. The Spahis are troops partly composed of natives, uniformed in the Arab costume, red vests, blue Turkish pants, Bedouin boots, and the Arab " bournous." The commandant had become a complete Arab ; thus, in mounting his horse, instead of throwing the leg over the croup, he stepped over his Turkish saddle. In tent, he always sat cross-legged ; was always smoking his hookah, and sipping his sherbet ; like the Arabs, his head was shaved bare, and polished, when uncovered of his " fessee" (Arab cap.) around which they bind the turban. The commandant's moustache, too, was truly Turkish, thin, long, and drooping. He was, withal, a very polished man and amusing, and had much interest at court.

* The Chasseurs d'Afrique were mounted on Arab horses about fourteen hands to fourteen and a half high, bony, and generally ewe-necked, being the barb horse, not the Arab breed of the desert, but nearly equally valuable in his great qualities of endurance.

about twelve hundred horse, inclusive of two squadrons of Spahis under the Commandant Boscarin, which generally encamped with us, though rarely joined with us in column of route; the whole were commanded by General Blancford, and on this day's march formed the column of the right. We were flanked by a line of infantry tirailleurs (or skirmishers) at some fifty paces distance, ourselves marching in column of squadrons. The centre column was composed of the convoy itself, being the provisionment, transported in the heavy wagons (*prolonges* *) of the *train d'equipage*, and by the bat-mules—the “ambulances” † (or flying hospitals) in the centre, distinguished by the red flag—and the artillery train in the order of their weight, 12-pounders, 6-pounders, and mountain howitzers (*obus de montagne* ‡) with accompanying caissons. The guards immediately in escort were the soldiers of the wagon and hospital train, the artiller-

* The “prolonges” of the *train d'equipages* (wagon-train) were somewhat larger than the common wagon used by our 1st dragoons, with deeper sides, and a rounded wooden lid, bound with iron hoops; when used to transport the sick or wounded, the lid was fastened up. The bat-mules were also under the guidance of the soldiers of the wagon-train. I never saw mules packed in such a perfect manner. I studied this subject on the campaign, it being the one that throws so many obstacles in our way of employing pack-mules, and I do not remember to have seen scarcely a single pack to turn. I have obtained the model, and it is now ready for the War Department.

† The ambulances are composed of the *charret d'ambulance*, or “hospital cart,” an easy cart on springs, for the worst cases among the officers and men, and the mules with the litters, the same as the models I have presented the department. The hospital attendants are a regular corps by itself, being soldiers who have arms, but attend solely to the hospitals in garrison, and guard, besides assisting at the flying hospitals in campaign. The litters (“caracoli”) are attached on each side of the mule, and carry two wounded or sick men. As the French are obliged to take great care to prevent their wounded falling into the hands of the Arabs, there are always several of those caracoli's in attendance whenever the rear guard or flanks are engaged, and nothing can exceed the coolness and reckless courage of these men standing fire, in coming right up in the thickest of it, as if desirous of displaying as much courage as those more immediately engaged.

‡ The *obusier-de-montagne* is generally drawn by a mule in shafts, and leader, but the leader is fitted with a saddle, on which, in mountainous parts, the piece, when taken off its wheels, can be packed on the mules'

ists, and the corps du Genie, which marched at the head to prepare the routes in relation to this column particularly, as the movements of the rest of the army depended on the progress of this. The gendarmes too, (about one hundred) were charged with the immediate police of this body, they being charged with everything which, in the English and our own service, comes under the provost marshal's department. The convoy, the provisionment part of it, was moreover increased by some five hundred beefs, driven on the hoof. There were battalions at the head, rear, and, by intervals, immediately on the flanks of the column of the convoy.

The rest of the infantry marched by brigades in two columns (of platoons) on the right and on the left of the centre column; and the space covered by the columns, marching as we were in the full plain of the Metidjah, measured about a league and a half from the one on the extreme right to that on the extreme left. There was the rear guard, and an advance guard, with which were the native cavalry. The "Gendarmes Maures" * and the Spahis, (about a hundred and fifty in all,) were the habitual leaders of the advance. The march was not hurried, we made about a league an hour, with the exception of the passing of the Chiffa; for the river, though small and shallow, being in the bottom of deep banks, we were obliged to wait till the convoy slowly filed by. We ourselves were obliged to "break by platoon," and then again "by file," to pass down the single track. On

back. They proved very useful and efficient, and I should think them useful to be attached to cavalry regiments with us. The reason for heavy pieces of artillery came from the Marshal's expecting very possibly to find Milianah regularly defended like Constantine, and only to be attacked by regular approaches.

* The *gendarmes Maures* were in their complete Bedouin dress, uniform only in their wearing a blue "bournou." They were composed and officered entirely of natives, under the charge of a French staff officer. Their duties in the cities was ordinary police, and they were said to be efficient. In campaign they acted solely as light cavalry. A black sergeant in this corps struck me as the finest modelled large man I had ever seen.

having passed the defile and descended into the bottom, the order was, "form squadrons," coming by files in each squadron "front into line;" and effected by thus waiting, till the rearmost squadron had filed through and formed up. The other side was not so difficult, and after watering our horses in the Chiffa, and receiving the order to move on, we arrived at the "Houish de Moussaiah" about six o'clock, or an hour or so of dark. It was the first grand encampment that we made, the whole force under arms amounting to twelve thousand men. In Africa, where the enemy is an irregular foe, and masters of a partisan warfare, the order of European encamping, (where one's rear is always secured,) has to be remodelled through the necessity of being equally defended on all sides. From this reason, the troops are always drawn up in a square, or oblong, facing outward. On this occasion, however, the fort of Moussaiah, an entrenched work, formed the rear. The infantry * bivouacked in line on the other three outer sides. Within, and at the distance of a hundred yards from them, the cavalry brigade was picketed, and artillery parked on the left; whilst towards the right, and additionally protected, were arranged the provisionment, and "ambulances." Interior of all was a large clear quadrangular space of some six hundred yards, large enough to manœuvre easily, had there been occasion. After we were encamped, the colonel † com-

* There was not a single tent with the army excepting those of the hospitals, those of general officers, and one allowed the officers of squadron, and a demi-battalion of infantry. The luxury was not as great as it seemed, it seldom coming up until extremely late. The place for the lead-horses, and servants, and officers' baggage was with the main body of the convoy.

† There was an instance to-day of even the oldest officers being at times bothered. Our first direction was to rest fronting to the left, with two squadrons thrown back "*en potence*," facing to the front, and we were coming up perpendicular to the left flank. We had already formed the potence by the two first squadrons coming on "right into line;" and two more had formed up front into line, when a staff officer galloped up, directing the colonel to take ground considerably to the left immediately. Without thinking, he faced the two squadrons, formed front into line, and ordered

manded half the men of each squadron to go and collect forage for the horses from some grain fields in the neighborhood of the camp. The captain, "adjutant major," of the day was in charge of the whole, and each squadron under the lieutenant of the day. (In garrison, those tours are for the entire week, and they are styled "officiers de semaine.") And it is generally that the foragers are only accompanied by these officers. There was also a small escort. In campaign, there is a *reaping knife* to every four or five men, carried in front outside the "musettes," (bags for the curry-comb, &c.), and strapped tight into place by the same straps. The men, having collected the forage, returned with it, bound up into trusses with the forage straps, and fastened behind their saddles.

June 5th.—Reveille sounded at half past four o'clock, but we did not commence our march until about seven o'clock, having thus had time to breakfast comfortably. The order of the march was the same as yesterday, only more precaution, if possible, for Moussaiah was the last post in the plain, and all the country west of the Chiffa had generally this spring been the war-ground of the Arabs, particularly the Hadjouts. However, this day there were no Arabs seen, excepting some Bedouins, whose figures stood in bold relief on the distant heights, easily distinguished through our field-glasses.* The Moorish

by platoons "left wheel trot," and marched them rapidly, halting them, and forming them into line at the extreme end of the ground allotted to him. In the meanwhile the 5th and 6th squadrons came up into line in the space thus left; those "*en potence*" standing fast; these then followed the movement, and those "*en potence*," by a left turn, after wheeling into column of platoons, succeeded to their place, so that we stood in line commencing on the left, as 4th, 3d, 6th, 5th, 2d, 1st. The colonel did not at first perceive it, but when he did, it piqued him exceedingly, and his haste and mistakes afterwards, in trying to remedy the order of things, only produced confusion worse confounded, until the matter righted itself. His pride was on the alert, as this *faux pas* was in the presence of the French squadrons, who were following us in column.

* Every officer carried a glass, not that they were required to, but its utility, and the interest it afforded, former experience had strongly proved.

gendarmes, who were in the advance, and to the extreme left, pursued some of their videttes, who were stationed in the plain. The march of the army continued in the plain of the Metidjah, its direction westerly, and as if its bearing was to Charchell. The plain is here intersected by many ravines, and the delay of one column produced that of the whole. The cavalry marched by column of platoons; our regiment, the right one of the brigade, was the leading one, having habitually at its head General Blancford and Colonel Bojulli. At every halt, occasioned by waiting for other columns, or whilst we ourselves were passing defiles, the brigade was formed into close column of squadrons; ourselves, in passing defiles, first formed close column of squadrons, the leading squadron, and the rest successively would then break first "by platoons," ("par pelotons romper l'escadrons,") then by fours, and as the defile narrowed, by files; the files so broken generally passing rapidly through at a trot. As each squadron emerged from the defile, it was ordered, "by squadron, front into line." The captain adjutant-major being charged with the execution of the order, each captain commanding a squadron giving it by usage, from seeing the squadrons before him so formed. Towards the afternoon, by a change of direction in the march, we turned towards the left, and entered at once into a region unknown to the French, and soon commenced winding among the gorges of the mountains, which were to lead us across to the plains of the Cheliff, and its capital city, Milianah, the object of our destination. Towards sunset it commenced raining, and our bivouac at Karrombet-el-ousseri was taken up, during, perhaps, the most violent rain-storm I ever experienced, such indeed as could alone occur in that far southern latitude. The encampment was in a small opening, surrounded by steep hills, the cavalry, artillery, and convoy being crowded into an almost solid mass in the small valley, with brigades of infantry occupying the sides and summits of the heights, and forming with their pickets and outposts one con-

tinuous line all around the camp. From the manner in which the campment ground was allotted, not a little confusion took place, from the crossing of different columns, as they intersected the march of others, all hurrying to get themselves settled before the intense darkness of the night, which was fast thickening upon us. Thus, we, improperly taking advantage of somewhat too large an interval in the column of artillery that was passing, continued our march through them, keeping an immense column in their rear halted, until they in their turn found an opportunity of making a dash through us, cutting off a part of our squadrons, which did not get a chance of coming up for full an hour; presenting one of the instances of trouble from the non-observance of a salutary regulation, that general, or high field officers, or superior staff officers be posted at such points, to make divisions, pass rapidly, by alternate platoons, through each other. But it was a terribly stormy night, and generals and all were for taking care of themselves, and trusting all to themselves. The first chasseurs, encamped in column of *double squadron*, occupying the entire breadth of the valley. When, thus encamped, the rear-rank is reined back about twelve paces (rearward from the heads of horses in the front rank) somewhat more than open order; and the space between the stacks of arms and row of saddles which is at the head of the front rank, to the horses of the rear rank of the preceding column, is at the disposition of the men and officers; the officers, however, having the choice of any part of it—poor consolation indeed, to be entitled to twelve * feet or so of mud in a rain storm, and without tents.†

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- * I find a disagreement between my short hand notes in my camp journal, and the original draft of a Report on the "Interior of Cavalry Regiment in campaign." I should think, however, that my notes must be correct, as the other might have been an error corrected in the copy, but I never paced off either, but set down the distances from my eye. I know, too, it varied much, depending how we were crowded by other regiments; the opening of ranks, however, agrees in both cases.

† If there is room, the officers are also permitted to bivouac immediately

June 6th.—At an early hour the next morning we were under arms, and the pieces that were continually being discharged betokened the expectation of an engagement, for our guides had informed us of the vicinity of several Arab villages, and it was certain that if our movement through these passes were suspected by the enemy, that the Kabyles would meet us in large force. I could not help being struck by the impropriety of this random firing, so expressly in violation of all regulations, for it must have been a signal to any enemy lying near that we were on the move, and as some several pieces would happen to be fired rapidly at the same time in the direction of the pickets, one could scarcely refrain from grasping his arms, and looking towards his horse. We now entered in earnest amongst the mountains, now scaling difficult heights, now following narrow ridges, and then again plunging down fearful precipices into some isolated valley. This way, known as the “Pass of the Robbers,” had been but lately betrayed to the French, and was a route scarce ever travelled by the Arabs themselves, as it was infested by a bandit population hostile to the inhabitants of either plain; but now that a third enemy was in question, and a common religion united them all, we were liable to a fearful resistance in these fastnesses. It was no place for cavalry, and we now became as part of the convoy—whilst the flanks of the march were guarded by strong columns of infantry, not marching in mass by brigade, but by regiments, in succession at long intervals, connected by battalions, in light order, as tirailleurs, so as to cover the convoy, which, owing to the narrowness of the ways, had lengthened out their column to near two leagues. For the convoy proper the best paths were reserved, whilst the cavalry brigade, keeping close by its side, were sometimes pushed up here, or down there, along the side hills,

on the flank of their squadron, but within some very few feet of it. The tents belonging to the officers did not come up till long after it was pitch dark. Our tent was pitched in mud, ankle deep, which we made barely tenable by laying grass and bushes over it.

on the margin of difficult water courses, now on the right, now on the left, anywhere where we could possibly find footing, to enable the dangerous lengthening of the column to be curtailed. As often as the ridge was of sufficient width, or the slope of the hill side not too abrupt, the men, habitually broken up in files, were made, without loss of time, to form twos, fours, even platoons, and at every halt occasioned by some accident to the convoy, or delay in the strong working parties hewing out the road, we were jammed and crowded up into close column of squadrons. On the Arabs the moral effect of cavalry, (they, like other wild or oriental people, attaching greater importance and bravery to the individual who is mounted,) is perhaps even greater than it deserves; moreover this feeling of respect for this arm had been greatly increased by the fortunate charges of the chasseurs and French squadrons in preceding wars, and during the past winter and early spring. All this better reconciled us to the idea of the inaction to which, in case of an attack, we would be condemned, entangled as the army was in the mountains; besides, we consoled ourselves with the expectation of having *our* affair after debouching into the plain of the Cheliff.

The events of the morning proved true to our foreboding, for after proceeding a short distance a solitary discharge from an out-flanker, and then a more general discharge from the line of "tirailleurs," which warmed at times into a spirited engagement, took place, first on our right, and then commenced soon afterwards, though less briskly, on our left. The columns were generally at a quarter of a league from the convoy, but the course of the combats was easily marked by the line of smoke and fire, especially when the inequalities of the ground we might then be passing, gave us a command of the prospect. We were, in especial, witnesses of one affair, an episode in the fighting of the day. We had just formed up in a narrow ridge, which terminated a chain of heights; a valley of moderate width lay on either side of us, joining just in

front of where we were halted, and then running way off to the eastward, gradually narrowing until it lost itself in between two mountains, on the side of one of which, in the extreme distance, was observable, by its glittering white, an Arab marabout, or sacred temple of worship. We had just dismounted to await the convoy, as it drew its slow length along, and with our glasses were watching the progress of the columns, which we had in complete view on either side, with their skirmishers actively engaged. But the object of our interest was a body of "Tirailleurs de Vincennes" on the hill side to the right, as they emerged from a wood and prepared, in face of a determined fire from the Arabs, to pass over a bare space and possess themselves of a group of farm-houses on their route. They "advanced firing" in a close line of skirmishers; they passed over most of the distance, and had nearly attained the object of their attack, when, seemingly staggered by the desperate fire, they ceased to move on, though their fire rolled more rapidly than ever. At this moment the rest of the battalion issued from the woods, and a mounted officer, distinguishable from wearing a straw hat, * a Spanish custom introduced by the "Legion Étrangère" dashed forward into the smoke of the combatants. A general charge was perceived, they advanced at a run; the farm-houses were seized. But when the smoke had somewhat cleared away, we perceived a group returning slowly to the main body, and by our glasses distinguished that it carried as its burden the young officer, who but an instant before had so gallantly led on, known to us by that mark which had proved so fatal for him, the straw hat carried by a soldier of the party. I have never known a moment of such intense excitement, and I believe every one of us was affected the same, as this real panorama was acting in the presence of us inactive spec-

* It had seemed to me exceedingly strange, when I had noticed on the previous day's marches that many of the officers wore straw hats; but the fate of this young officer proved that if a luxury, it was also a reckless and dangerous bravado in a fight.

tators. This was one of the two officers and many men killed during the day. That evening we encamped at "Oued Guerr," or the "Six Arabs," so called from six Bedouin chiefs, who, approaching as nearly as they dared, seemed reconnoitering our forces. In the fore part of the day the country had been difficult in the extreme, but towards evening the mountains opened out into longer and broader valleys, and our encampment was on a rivulet's side, whose course we had been following down for some miles. I had been surprised, too, to find that, in such a rugged region, Arab villages (generally composed of wretched hovels) were of such frequent occurrence, and every single acre that could be cultivated, either on the mountain tops or in the narrow valley, was planted, and then teeming with a rich crop, as indicative of a numerous native population. The marabout too, or sacred house of Arab worship, with its solemn mystic air and its accompanying palm, as seen peering in the distance, strikes one, as does the sculptured Sphinx of Egypt, wherever you may meet it, a symbol untranslatable of the solemn mystery and genius of Africa. We were encamped in two lines of three squadrons, as were also the French squadrons in our rear. We had been kept in column full three-quarters of an hour after arriving on the ground of encampment, where the advance guard had been ordered to halt, from there not being a staff officer sent to inform us in what quarter of the camp we would bivouac. We arrived a little after the sun had set, which it did most serenely.

June 7th.—The march of the 7th of June was much the same as that of the preceding day, excepting that the mountains changed into less difficult ascents, and opened into more extensive valleys; we, the cavalry, took up a position for the offensive, as in case of an attack on the convoy, though we again were covered by a small force of infantry to our right. The skirmishing commenced occasionally during the march, but by no means with the determined pertinacity of the preceding day. The Spahis,

who, towards the middle of the day, were once again placed in the advance, pursued some Arabs, killed several, and took a horse or two. Towards noon we entered a tolerably easy country; the stretches of the valley running in the direction of our march, and what mountains we passed over were gradual slopes and easy of ascent; but the heat was terrific, reflected as the sun was from the burning soil; and not a hundred yards could be passed over without seeing some unhappy wretch rolling in convulsions on the ground, or crying like a child in the demoralization of a violent brain fever. There they were, alone and unbefriended; for the march being a forced one this day, they were left as they grew sick, first to loiter behind, and then, as they became more helpless, their regiments would be out of reach. The others that might be passing, pressed as they were themselves, whispered down any pity that might arise for them, as that it was not their duty, and that the rear guard (some hours behind) would certainly have them conveyed to the surgeons, or that the ambulances, (already painfully crowded by even these few days' fatigue, and more especially the rain storm of the night of the 8th,) might pass in that direction and take them too. The superior officers, I presume, were, from long service, steeled to such scenes; and as for the other officers, they might utter an oath of anger at the oversight of those who had control, but, like others before them, had to pass by unheeding the dying as the dead. From the numbers whom we passed exhausted and at death's door towards the noon of that day, the hospitals must have been increased some two or three hundred, together with the dead. War is a theatre of contrasts, and one, a foreigner like myself, could not but be struck with it; exhibiting in the same moment with the preceding scene of misery, the gay vivandiere of each regiment, who, flauntingly dressed in the manly uniform coat of some regiment, with the skirts of her own sex, protected by a broad sombrero, would jauntily march by with her loaded mule, the pride and solicitude of her whole

corps. The engagements were not many to-day, but groups of Arabs were seen every here and there, as if watching with dismay the swell of war rolling in the direction of their proud city. On the other hand, our excitement became more aroused, for one lofty peak, which towered alone in the distant range that verged the horizon, was now pointed out to us as being the mountain from which jutted out the so estimated impregnable site of Milianah. The sun was fast sinking in the west, and we were now mounting the slope of the last mountain. Our regiment was on the right, and rather in the advance, the Spahis having been despatched to watch the movement of some Arab horse, to the left. A detachment of the far-famed Zouaves, whom, however, I had not seen in action as yet, were now acting as our advance tirailleurs. Apparently no foe was near us, when suddenly the wild figures of some hundred Arabs, who had been concealed by the break of the ground and behind some rocks, suddenly rose up before us, and at only half pistol shot poured in a rattling volley in the faces of the Zouaves and in direction of our column. They were staggered, covered themselves behind obstacles, and continued thus firing for a moment, without pretending to advance, when suddenly one of their number, waving his musket over his head, and with a shout of defiance, made a dash out of his cover, and thus rushed forward, making a sole individual charge, apparently leaping right down in the midst of them. A general shout of applause burst forth from all the troops in sight, whilst his comrades, infected by the example, enthusiastically followed. The Arabs, the next moment, were seen winding around the hill, running off in great confusion, and closely pursued by the Spahis, who at the first alarm, had come up in full gallop, turning their position to intercept their retreat. It was this, perhaps, which saved the bold Zouave; who, otherwise, must have been massacred before his comrades had followed to his assistance. We were now on the summit of Mount Al-Cantara, from which we viewed, stretching out below

us, the whole plain of the Cheliff, bounded in the distance by the "higher" or "second range of the Atlas," arising as a wall in a marked line precipitately and abrupt. A cry of unbounded enthusiasm burst from the troops, as for the first time they beheld that unknown region, the long talked of object of French wishes, the end and destination of our campaign—the seat of Milianah. But as it there lay before us, though yellow from the ripe crops of grain, and in reputation richer than the plains of the Metidjah, its appearance was solemn and forbidding, from the absence of all verdure and of water, save where the river, that gives it its name, rolled sullenly in the centre, embedded and nearly hidden in its deep muddy banks. Instead of the wild-fig, and the olive, and the deep green groves of the orange-tree, which are continually found in the plain of the Metidjah, skirting the many little streams, or thriving, in spite of the heats of the climate, in the vicinity of springs—here, not a single shrub or stunted tree occurred to break the vast monotony. The sun at this moment was just retreating over the hills towards Oran. A little later it had ceased to be reflected in the skies, and it was late twilight ere we took up our position in bivouac as an outpost at the foot of the mountain. The morrow, we were to reach Milianah.

June 8th.—The grey of dawn had no sooner cleared away before we were in full march, but, to our disappointment, as we entered the plain, turning to the westward, the clouds of dense smoke that arose high above the hills to the right, where we knew Milianah to be situated, told too plainly that the town had been fired. Our march was now doubly quickened, the Spahis of the advance pushing on at a trot, and the infantry nearly at a *pas de cours*, we reached the entrance of the gorge that formed the sole and a difficult approach to the city. The marshal, General Schramm, and the general staff of the army, at once galloped up, with a strong escort, to the summit of the height at the right of the entrance to the gorge, to get a *coup d'œil* of the ground, and determine on measures for the attack.

There the city was before us, perched on a plateau that jutted from the side of a mountain, that arose perpendicularly behind it. The smoke now curled high up in wreaths, while the lurid glare of the fire shone at every crevice, or burst forth forking from the roofs. Whilst in the midst of this scene of confusion, by the aid of our glasses, from the height on which the marshal and his staff were assembled, the dark uniforms of the regular infantry of Abd-el-Kader might be distinguished, as they were seen driving out before them the reluctant inhabitants of the place. The city, like all Moorish towns, was beautiful in the extreme, for nothing can be more picturesque than the irregular outline of their houses, as of masses grouped together in the very soul of variety, with their low tiled roofs reminding one of scenes in Italy; minarets, seen shooting up from the mass, or peering from the midst of the cypress and the myrtle, told of times when the Saracen, proud as his own crescent, had made his history the interest of all nations. The city was enveloped in flames, their own act; but an Arab was never known to yield a mountain retreat without bloodshed, and a fight to avenge. Measures were therefore instantly taken. The principal part of the infantry, formed into two heavy columns of attack, were marched over heights to the right and left of the gorge, whilst another portion was left at its mouth, to repel the Arabs who had molested our rear-guard, whilst breaking up from camp, but who more particularly now were appearing in great numbers from the direction of Oran. They already showed themselves to be the principal force of the Bedouin cavalry coming up, and might now, taking all in sight, amount to some six or seven thousand. The cavalry, artillery, and convoy, in the meanwhile filed through, and all concentrated again in closely packed columns, and by crowded divisions, on a plateau just beneath that of the town, awaiting and holding themselves ready for the signal of the onset. At the same time, some batteries of artillery were placed in position on a height that arose

somewhat to the left, to bear upon some pieces of the enemy which commenced firing * on us from two different points, and to cover the advance of two heavy columns of attack, which commenced scaling the heights.† Nothing could have been more beautiful than the advance of the infantry; the right column directed its course about half a mile or more to the right, attacking the town directly in front, but it was more hidden from our view by the gardens, and groves, and vineyards; that of the left was the whole time immediately in sight. They advanced with arms *sur l'épaule-droite*, ("right shoulder shift arms," or, "arms at will,") a company or two were thrown out in skirmishing order just before them. But for the scattering fire from them and some Arabs under cover of the occasional underwood, and from behind rocks, and the bursting of the shells, which, directed with wonderful precision, seemed always thrown just immediately before the head of the column, one might well have supposed, from the quiet demeanor of the soldiery, that they were on an ordinary march. Such is the character of the French soldier; and this perfect nonchalance, more, perhaps, than even their excitability when aroused, makes them the best service troops in Europe. Taken as a whole, the scene

* The fire of these pieces was without particular effect. Two of their balls fell sufficiently near to us; one being between the cavalry, who were in close column of squadrons, and the ambulances with the sick and wounded, the space between us being but some fifteen yards; falling in the mud of a spring there, it did not ricochet. The other ball fell in the very centre of the marshal's staff, but bounded again over their heads without killing or wounding one. They were on a small rise close behind us.

† The distance from the foot of the height to its summit, the plateau on which the town was situated, was from half a mile to three quarters. We were, as we now stood, scarcely higher than at the entrance of the gorge, but the columns of infantry had mounted and descended considerable heights before they all united on this lower plateau. The length of the gorge through which the convoy had defiled, must have been near a mile; and the distance from the height on which the staff first stood, to the town, the height being nearly equally high, must also have been just about a mile; the ordinary Arab dress, with the white bournous, is so different from the dark uniform of their regular infantry, that they are easily distinguished.

was spirit-stirring in the extreme, for, though bloodshed had not commenced, there was all the preparation for war and battle, as if rivers of blood were soon to follow. Here were parked, under charge of some regiments of reserve, the defenceless portion of the army, the convoy of subsistence, the hospitals of sick and wounded, the pieces of heavy ordnance, all breathless with expectation. Near them, and on the road-side, in column of squadrons, stood the cavalry brigade, holding themselves in reserve to, at the proper juncture, rush forth, and by ascending the height by the road, take part in the fighting on the upper plateau. Some half a mile to the left and more advanced, were placed, actively manœuvring their pieces,* and firing incessantly, the batteries of cover for the attack, not the least animating part of the scene, as, by the ricochet of their shots, or the bursting of the shells, one traced the execution they were doing. Forming part of this great living panorama were the divisions that were now actively ascending to storm the heights, and it was on this that all of our attention became concentrated. When they had nearly reached the crest, the drums beat; arms flashed in the sunbeams, as they were shifted for the attack, and the men, in a solid body, rushed forward to the charge. It was truly a sight worth years of peace. They disappeared over the hill, a momentary silence ensued, the artillery no longer firing. In some few moments a desultory firing that arose, though both parties were out of sight, proved to us that the opposition had been but weak, and that the enemy were now firing, fighting in retreat. The column of the right, which, though more hidden from view, had not been less active, had also gained the town, and their firing, heard off to the right, proved that the Arabs were retiring in that quarter from the town. At this moment a staff officer came at full speed across the plain, and riding up to General Blanford, at the head of the column,

* There were some eight pieces in battery; one of them, by some mismanagement or other, recoiling, whilst firing, rolled off the edge of the height, and came rumbling to the bottom.

delivered orders which set us, too, in full motion; and at a gallop we overcame the short distance to where the path wound up the hill. Squadrons were at once broken into fours, and at a full trot, which soon became a gallop, increasing in briskness with the excitement of the general and our colonel, who were leading us, we forced our horses over the rocky and broken road. As we reached the summit, and rapidly formed line to the left, the rearmost horsemen of the column were bringing up at a full run. The colonel's* orders, in the plan of the battle, had been to advance, and, forming upon the plateau, charge to the right or left, as might suit the occasion, to cut off the retreat of the Arabs. But to our great chagrin, when we arrived and formed up, though firing was going on within less than a quarter of a mile from us, the ground was such as to preclude the utter possibility of cavalry movements.† This was the last move of the day, the retreating Arabs were soon driven out of reach, and though the convoy did not all get up till late, the army was encamped as fast as the different corps came into position. As for ourselves, we were made to bivouac in an Arab graveyard, bristling with tomb-stones, (not only head and foot stones, but long side ones to boot;) still any place was a rest, and the excitement of the day needed it.

June 9th, 10th, and 11th.—The ninth, tenth, and eleventh were spent at Milianah, and afforded us the opportunity of examining an Arab town in its true original state, for though in most parts every thing destructible, and all wood work, was burnt, still the thick stone walls and roofs of many of the houses were left standing, and some edifices, particularly the Dey's were almost as perfect as if fire had been set to it but in mockery. And so

* I belonged to the 4th squadron, but at the moment of advance, and by somewhat bolder riding, and knowing my powerful gray, I had placed myself close to the colonel at the head.

† As an incident not worth mentioning, but that it now occurs to me, the colonel, seeing some three or four Arabs retiring rather leisurely, sent a corporal and four or five men to quicken their movements. Young Duegme, though not ordered, went with them, more as a frolic.

it was suspected, for, whilst the Dey's and some other principal houses were thus entire, in the quarter of the Jews' bazaar not a stone seemed to be left upon another, and the streets in this quarter were piled with ashes, with now and then just sufficient left of some particular article to give a clue to the business of the vender. As the graveyard in which the 1st chasseurs were encamped was just outside the town, several of us, after seeing our horses tended to, strolled into the city; the sentinels at the gate (it was like Medeah, a walled town, and with some defences) being authorized to admit officers, but them only. But our curiosity was hazardous for ourselves, for as we passed in some quarters, we were continually exposed to the falling of burning rafters or heated walls; and once or twice escaped imminent danger as if by a miracle, for the streets, to make it worse, were very narrow. An important and interesting fact was now discovered, hitherto unknown, that Milianah had been formerly the site of a Roman town, and its proof was continually finding, on the large stones with which the houses were built, Roman inscriptions, much defaced, expressed much in their usual difficult abbreviations, but withal a word here and there sufficiently plain to be easily defined by the casual observer acquainted with the Latin. As I had visited all the different quarters in Algiers, the palaces of some former rich Turks, the bazaar where yet lingered the avaricious Jew, the casbar of the Dey, and their old-timed forts in the harbor, and had moreover accurately studied Blida, though there, too, it was a mass of ruins, (the work of the French,) I was more quick to catch at and fill out such parts of the city as were incomplete. As I mentioned above, some few edifices were still perfect, as if fired merely to comply with the order of general destruction in form, that against the return of the owners, should they, as in the case of Cherchill and Medeah, be invited back, they might be found available. Perhaps it was hurry, or the accidental sufferance of the flames, no doubt the attention of the regular soldiers of Abd-el-Kader might have

been first turned to the Jews, the objects of suspicion, possessing small articles of value that might be seized with impunity to their own use, though accounted for as consumed.

To him who has perused the poetic pages of the *Alhambra*,—what subject is there that its beautiful author does not convert by the beauty of his imagery and his glowing description, from the every day monotony of prose to the enthusiasm of poetry, though he equally adheres rigidly to facts. Whoever, then, has read of that proud monument of Moorish splendor, and has followed out those delineations as pictured by the English pencil, in that splendid work, "*Sketches from the Alhambra*," may trace for themselves an idea of what Milianah, a city renowned for its riches and splendors in these parts, must have presented ere consumed by the suicidal act of its inhabitants, and still exhibited in these few edifices which yet remained entire. Take we the "*Palace of the Dey*." After winding amidst smoking ruins, and the crash of falling walls, and conducted by our guide, one of the exploring party which had first entered on the place being carried, we came to an avenue, small, as all the Arab streets are, but still notable from its superior size and straight course, instead of the winding and zigzag of the usual thoroughfares, seeming as if but one object were its purpose, the access to the abode of its chief dignitary. There it stood, at the head of this avenue, superior in the elevation of its broad towers to the rest, though elsewhere it would not have struck you for its size. Like all Moorish buildings, even the rich Casbar* of the late Dey of Algiers, in its exterior, displayed no particular embellishments of architecture. The heats of the climate induce them to limit all exterior openings beside the porch to narrow loopholes. The effect of the edifices here, and of those

* Casbar is the general name for "palace." That of the Dey of Algiers contained immense treasures, valued at some twenty millions of dollars, though he stipulated for but five millions. Much of this, as did all the riches of the city, fell a booty to the French soldiers in 1830.

thousand Moorish country-seats which stud the heights in the bay and around the city of Algiers, is not produced so much by the richness of gothic execution, with its heavy buttresses terminating in worked pinnacles and other external ornaments peculiar to that style, as by the picturesqueness derived from the irregularly massing together the various parts; some differing in height, all thrown up, as if in defiance of precision's dull rules, giving thus that same appearance of tower and keep; the grandeur of the whole augmented by the massive stones of which the structure is composed. What most especially gives character to this style, is the dead white color with which each building of any note is painted, and thus Algiers stands forth a whole city glittering in glory; though, perhaps, many may complain that this uniform color, and the want of all apertures other than the casual loop-holes, most produce a sensation of monotony when viewed at a distance as a whole. Certainly this, as a part of their architecture, is the striking feature of Afric's soil on this part of the Mediterranean. As adding to the lustre of the isolated structure, it does so with a most enchanting effect; it then becomes softened and relieved, as taken in one "ensemble" with the deep verdure of the hills of the coast, the groups of this tropic's rich foliage, the myrtle, the cypress, or the lone palm rising in startling and mystic grandeur. But to return to the Dey's house in the once fair city of Milianah: its sole particular embellishment, besides the irregularity of its towered outlines, was an arabesque fretwork in stone, running parallel with and just below the battlements. The entrance was a large portal, with broad pilasters supporting the half circle arch, the feature strictly and solely of the Roman, and occurring here and at Algiers, but only in employ for the small arch of an entrance; in other respects the arch is ever the Moorish or Saracen. Before entering here, we must remark the long range of stabling immediately joining the main building on either side, like wings. The effect of the exterior, critically examined, was far from rich; but

how different the scene which bursts on one as he enters that threshold ; flights of marble stairs, mosaic pavements, arabesques, glowing in color and beautiful in design, covering the walls, whilst bars of gilded iron and brass, carved cedar and rich woods, occupied windows, doors, and recesses. A quadrangle in the centre, of some fifty feet or more, gave room for the flowing fountain and marble basin, the orange-trees surrounding it, the grass parterre, and faced by the two successive ranges of galleries, with their arcades formed by the double horse shoe arch of the Alhambra ; out on this opened the large folding doors and wide windows of the Dey's most retired apartments. All and one presented a whole that realized to us Eastern luxury, and animal enjoyment ; the Moor, the preserver, to present European generations, of the light and civilization of the ancients, near extinguished in the dark ages, has once more retired to his primitive barbarism, and has but his Mohamedanism as food for mental reflection. This interior was a scene of true magnificence ; and though the despoiler had been here, he had done his work but lightly, and fire seemed to have forgotten its all devouring element. When we had passed beyond this court, and through the farther portion of the buildings, issuing through another stone portal, we found ourselves on a terrace formed by the projecting rock, ornamented with shrubbery, and arches formed by the vine. Bending over the terrace wall, you either looked down the precipice some hundreds of feet below, where dashed wildly along a foaming torrent, edged, where the mountain side would permit, with gardens rich and inviting to the eye ; or, directing the eye towards the west, you beheld the valley* beyond, and through the long vista of the gorge, walled in by high peaks, saw in the distance the wide stretching plain of the Cheliff. Is this description too glowing for a

* The plateau whence we had attacked the place, and whence indeed the Dey's house had attracted our attention.

mere narrative of facts? It may seem so to one who saw it not as we did, but not to an individual of us who was at Milianah on that occasion. All felt as I did, at a scene thus new to us, and thus calmly rich, forming a respite amidst the horrors of war, of sickness, and the severe hardships of that burning clime. How well do I remember our bivouac in the grave-yard; our tent was pitched on a low ledge of rocks some ten feet high, forming a sort of upper plateau, which ran along the flank of our encampment, and here, beneath the shade of a wild almond, we passed the hours, making a luxurious feast of our camp fare by an additional bottle of *eau de vie*, or claret, or the refreshing absinth. Here, we were so situated as not only to embrace at the same view, the walls of the town, the roofs of the houses, the crescent, left with a Frenchman's indifference to religion, still pointing forth from the top of some tall minaret. How different Moslem with Christian cross. But to, in a word, embrace the most notable objects of the town, after those rich private dwellings, which all partook much of the character of the Dey's house, with less splendor, I must single out the description of the main fort, the stronghold of the place, and now turned over to the French artillery to repair and strengthen still farther; then to a visit to some principal mosque, of which one or two in a great measure were entire, and to a description of the many fountains, public baths, cleared and purified by running water; not omitting, though now a heap of ashes, to revive the bazaar, the large conduit of trade, where inhabited that merchant of all nations, yet an alien to them all, the Jew. As to these first mentioned conveniences, truly may that be called a city of luxury, where they were so numerous as to be at the reach of the poor Jew and mendicant as well as the rich despots of the land. As an institution showing the individuality of character in the people, these baths certainly would have struck a philosophic mind as the first and chiefest, and recalled the days of the Roman.

The mosques of the place by no means compared with the one re-constructed by the French in Algiers. As re-constructed, for in their toleration of, or rather indifference to religion, both real, and in policy assumed, they had out of the many mosques in the place, taking the handsomest portion of each, erected one most beautiful edifice. Here the Mahomedan religion was kept up in its strictest forms, the princes themselves being obliged to enter it barefooted; and thus in Algiers was presented the anomalous spectacle of the Catholic, Protestant, and Mahomedan religions all in the same place. The mosque consists of one general apartment for the worshippers, a more holy place, (called the marabout) for the priests of the religion, a sort of pulpit whence they perform part of their ceremony, and the tower constituting the lofty minaret, which renders an Arab town so picturesque. The half moon, too, as overtopping all, and above alluded to, must not be forgotten. One of these mosques seemed to be a Jewish sanctuary, the building being different from the others, but also so much in ruins that it could not be ascertained positively.

The bazaar, or thoroughfare of merchants, is a sight peculiar to the thickly peopled cities of Africa and the East, and is a narrow street containing small apartments or shops closely crowded together on either side, elevated some three or four feet generally above the street, scarcely high enough for the occupant to stand erect in, whilst with outstretched arms they could touch either side, its length being scarcely more, though it opens into a longer one behind, the residence of the family. These stores are crowded to overflowing with all articles of Arab dress, the rich gold tissue turban contrasting with the coarse linen garment of a kabayle, and the rich brilliant white of some most richly fine "bournous" in juxtaposition with the shaggy "caban." Some shops again are specially those of the tobacco merchants, where pipes of all forms and materials, with stems from the rich velvet covered

wood with amber mouth pieces, or the flexible silken hookar, to the plain cherry with its bark left on. These again differ in variety and size from those of six inches to six feet. The bowls are generally stone, or a peculiar red clay, or of a hard wood, gilt, and lined with some metal, the generality of the common pipes resembling much our Indian ones. Other shops are shoe stores, common shoes are perfectly like European coarse ones, differing most widely from that characteristic of the Moorish chief, the fine red morocco boots coming to the knee, richly worked in gold, and often bound around the leg with some silk and gold or silver wire, with the silk of as brilliant a hue; this boot again being protected by an over-shoe, when the precincts of his dwelling are left. Here, also, is the vegetable market, with fruits of every variety strewn about. But in this quarter, the chief object that would strike the stranger would be the peculiar manner of the venders. Unless when engaged in showing off their goods to their customers, they seem like so many automaton. Apparently lost to the world in the fumes of their pipes, or in the calculation of their accounts, in which they seem all absorbed, their forms move not, their eyes are fixed intent for hours in one direction, and they are rather as so many signs of their trade than actual living bodies. Such are the bazaars in the old part of Algiers, and such were they at Blidah, where one street of this kind had been left entire, and such my fancy easily made out these of Milianah.

Whilst on the characteristics of a Moorish town, I must not omit a monument of Abd-el-Kader's genius, an introduction from the European. It was the small, but perfectly finished foundry and iron works, for the manufacturing of his arms. It was erected by European workmen, hired during the preceding peace at high rewards, and since then carried on by the numerous European deserters, under the guidance of one who had been a sergeant-major in the *Corps du Genie*. This foundry

was supplied with water by that rushing torrent mentioned in the descriptions of the Dey's residence ; but its description does not strictly belong here, as it stood outside the town. Like the Dey's house, perched on a rock jutting out from, and forming an angle in the wall of rock on the left side of the town ; so the citadel, or casbar, was at another extreme point of the city, and formed an acute angle, whence branched off the precipice to the right and left, giving a rather triangular form to the city. It was a strong place, pierced with port holes and with bastions, but not of much utility ; for, though it swept some peaks in the vicinity, it was on the opposite side from the plateau on which the town is placed, could not bring a gun to bear in case of an attack on that quarter, and was infinitely too high above the lower plateau to fire down on it with any effect. It contained an inner work, whose walls commanded the outer ones, as they did the town. It was now in possession of the French artillery, and had guns already mounted. The very first day of our arrival here, the one or two mosques in best preservation had been cleared out for hospitals for the sick and wounded ; and, by a heavy detail from the infantry battalions, the defences of the place were increased on the side towards the plateau by a deep ditch outside the walls, and by throwing up a heavy redoubt, or rather redan, to the main work.

Such are the hardships of the infantry—fatiguing marches, and no rest, even at a halt ; whilst we, the cavalry, idled away the time in the various little nothings, that kill time and care at an encampment. From our tent, perched on a broad flat rock, which served as banqueting room and parlor, we surveyed the whole camp, and looked but on one spot with envy ; it was a beautifully shaded garden, green with grass and vines, in which we had “at first” been on the point of taking up our bivouac, when displaced by the Marshal, who thought that we had reason in the selection of it, as being the most inviting, and therefore took it for himself and staff,

leaving us to go to the devil, or the next place—the graveyard. Still, never were there happier days than passed during our halt at Milianah. Though we had but our one kindly shading tree, we beheld around and near us the cypress and myrtle, and felt its romance. The long twilight of summer was enhanced by the continued music of the splendid band of the "*Légion Étrangère*," which played till a late hour of night; and certainly some of the richest strains of music I ever listened to were here, in the far interior of Africa.

June 12th.—We parted from Milianah, leaving a garrison of some thirteen hundred men of the 3d light infantry, and a battalion of the "legion," and our sick and wounded, who were numerous. There had been a move the afternoon of the 11th, preparatory to getting the army under way again, the cavalry and some infantry having been moved forward and encamped, after descending the mountain, on arriving at the plateau below. Our route was now to ascend the plain of the Cheliff, cut off the resources of the country by destroying the crops and villages far and near, and after returning to Mousaiah by the noted pass of the Col de Teneah for supplies to re-provision Medeah, and then re-establish a communication between these two lately taken cities.

On leaving the defile of Milianah and returning once more into the plain, we found the army of Abd-el-Kader, its numbers making some seven thousand. A skirmishing soon took place, but was confined to the rear-guard. As we emerged into the plain, marching in several strong columns, the artillery and convoy in order of some three or four wagons abreast kept on the road, though as far as a dead level could make it, one part of the plain was as another. The day was deadly hot, no water was on the line of march, and the suffering of the army was extreme;* whilst the whole plain, from the troops

* It is strange as true, that there was in the course of the campaign one third of the officers left behind, sick; one third constantly sick on march,

firing the grain, farm-houses, and villages, where they passed, had the appearance of a burning prairie of the far west. There were several small charges of cavalry, but only of single squadrons, there being two supporting the rear-guard, and the Spahis and "gend'armes Mores" leading, as usual, the advance. The rest of the cavalry brigade was in column on the right. An instance of the beautiful combination of rapid manœuvring required in this country, occurred about the middle of the day. The left column of the French nearly touched on the base of the mountains, and was somewhat felt by the Arab skirmishers, whilst every now and then some party of them would engage the Spahis on the advance and to the left. The rear-guard was steadily though not warmly engaged. The main body of the Arabs, at some half cannon shot or more distant, kept hanging on our right, and rather off to the rear, their regular cavalry marching as was our brigade in column of platoons, whilst the Bedouins, like clouds, clustered sometimes here, and there, as they kept up the march. I presume the distance from the advance guard of the left column to the place where we were, was about a mile and a half. Of a sudden, the leading platoons of the brigade, from the listless walk at which we had been going, dashed off at full gallop, without command, but squadron following on squadron, and platoon on platoon. This is always done, the presumption being that commands had been given to the head of the column; so on we followed, the whole brigade on a full stretch. It was not for some few moments that the cause was known, though it was presumed that there was to be a general charge. Our attention was directed to the

and myself the only one of the squadron officers not affected, though this day I was near fainting at times from want of water, and but for some few drops of brandy which I took into my mouth at times, the only liquid that could be procured, I certainly would have lost all strength. I can only account for this circumstance of my not being sick in one way. Dr. R—— had told me that it was a great hazard, and yet that possibly my previous course of medicine might prepare me for the climate. In sickness, we sometimes escape by weakness itself.

Arabs. To a man they were moving like a swift cloud over the plain, and at once the mystery was understood, and it was presumed that their object was to cut off some portion of the army that had exposed itself to Abd-el-Kader's quick eye. On we kept, and for more than a mile presented the singular and interesting appearance of two large masses of horse, moving in nearly parallel directions at full speed. We then saw them draw up, and the brigade was similarly brought to a halt, when a staff officer of General Blanford riding up, said, "Well, we saved the Spahis." It appeared that they, over excited in pursuit, supposing the main body of Arab horse out of reach, had followed too far, and had been detected by the Arabs nearly to their cost, and would have certainly been cut off but for this prompt movement on the part of troops more than a mile off, and who, but for the *coup d'œil* of the general, would have been of no service, as out of supporting distance. This was one of the many instances of the peculiar service in Africa, and proves the great necessity and value of the most perfect *coup d'œil* on the part of leaders, particularly in the cavalry. All were disappointed in its not resulting in a grand charge; but the French cavalry, from its successes during the past fall and winter in some one or two brilliant skirmishes, were too much dreaded, to be opposed by a regular hand-to-hand attack; nor did they ever during the whole spring's campaign, come in actual contact,* further than to sabre the wounded and badly mounted. But then, again, the fear of being enveloped by immense odds, prevented the French cavalry from ever leaving their infantry far out of distance of support. Towards late in the afternoon we crossed the Cheliff, or rather, one of its main branches, which here comes in with a bold bend from the northward. Our encampment this night, whilst it afforded what we could rarely count

* Indeed, an actual *shock* of line to line, without either wavering, is nearly as rare in cavalry as in infantry; the Imperial officers with whom I have conversed, and English officers who served in the Peninsular War, agreeing that an instance scarcely ever occurs during a whole campaign.

upon, the luxury of plentiful water, left us deprived of the means of cooking, from the absence of wood or brush. During all this day we had espied at times a heavy column of the enemy's infantry moving along the mountains on our left, by a prompt march in a similar direction with ourselves.

June 13th.—This day, as bending our course towards the north and east, we left the plain, which stretched more off to the south, and entered a broken country, consisting of undulating sweeps of hills, interrupted by ravines, ridges, and rocky grounds.

There were, as usual, constant skirmishes between our rear-guard and the Arabs, and at times a firing on the flanks. The cavalry brigade continued marching in column on the right, excepting two squadrons which remained in support of the rear-guard. It was about the middle of the day, when their services were particularly called upon, for from the nature of the ground, it several times became necessary for the rear-guard to maintain a position until so far left behind as to be exposed to being cut off by the whole force of the Arabs, whose courage is of a nature to dare anything, when accident seems to throw the slightest favor into their hands. Thus the rear-guard was always obliged to hold a ridge or other height, from whence the Arabs might obtain a downward fire on the columns of march, particularly the convoy with the sick, wounded, and provisionment. And, in turn, parts of these troops of the rear-guard would be more particularly subject to risk. Indeed, the handsomest manœuvring of the whole campaign took place on this day. Nothing could exceed the great excitement felt by every one not immediately engaged, as we thus often beheld company after company, enveloped by Arab horsemen, successively disengaging itself, and (if the Arabs abated but an instant their fierce attack,) their skirmishers as if by magic as instantly running out, taking ground, loading, firing, and marching on, until beaten in again, at a full run, by some other onset of the charging Arabs. It was on one of

these occasions that the 4th* squadron of the Chasseurs d'Afrique extricated, by a prompt and bold charge, a com-

* I well remember this affair, as it was the most decided and decisive charge which the squadron to which I was attached made during the campaign. There was a succession of heights, which the rear guard was obliged to maintain as usual. The several columns of the army, with the convoy in the centre, moving in parallel order, were hurrying down a long sweeping descent of a high hill, which would have exposed them to a plunging fire, but for the manful resistance of the rear guard on the crest of the height. The main part of the rear guard were now put in retreat. There was the infantry in column of demi-battalion on full march, and the two squadrons in column of platoons a little in advance, and also a very little on their right; whilst a company of the legion was itself again waiting with demeanor of determined resolution to give us something of a start ere the horde of Arabs should crown the ground that we had evacuated, and thus take us at a disadvantage. It was a dangerous post for them, but the late repetition of the same manœuvre once or twice, and the hazardous escape of a demi-battalion a moment before, who were left to defend one ridge whilst the main body of the rear guard established themselves on another nearly as high, across a narrow valley of some two hundred and fifty yards or so, emboldened them. This last demi-battalion had held its position longer than was intended. The Arabs advanced upon them, but were beaten back by their fire, but still seemed intent on succeeding in the charge. The demi-battalion now became fearful of rejoining us, and seemed as if dreading an overwhelming charge the moment they should be deprived of their commanding situation. Signs were made to them by the colonel commanding the rear-guard; the assembled trumpeters sounded the recall, and still they did not move; whilst, on the other hand, the commanding officer of the rear-guard scarcely dared to advance to their assistance, as the army had already got so far on their march as to even then render us rather out of distance of support. And though, no doubt, a charge both with the bayonet and with the horse would have been ordered, at all hazards, to their rescue, still it was a thing to hesitate about. Our infantry stood drawn up, and the cavalry squadron all ready for a charge; a most rapid firing kept up all this while, by the party exposed. At last they checked for an instant the Arabs, and rejoined us in order, (that is, in a solid body,) but at a "*pas de cours*." After that, we held our position a little longer, and were then put in march, as I stated before, the infantry by demi-battalion, and the two squadrons in column of platoon. It was one of the companies of this same lately exposed demi-battalion, that was again acting a little in rear, covering the main rear-guard. Before we renewed our retrograde movement, the Arabs had somewhat drawn off from the fight; and we were all as little expecting to be called on to act, as we had been disappointed before at not being sent to the assistance of the late exposed demi-battalion, when, of a sudden, the officer of the rear-guard dashed up breathless to the Commandant Meurice, (3) (the *chef d'escadron*, in command of the squadrons) and hallooed out, in the no very tactical terms

pany, (the part of a demi-battalion of the Legion Étrangère,) which, in such a situation, as they had expended all

of, "Save the infantry, or they are lost; save them, save them at once." In an instant the commandant gave the commands, "*Escadrons, par peloton, demi tour, au trot—marche en avant au gallop—au charge.*" The 3d squadron had been at the head; but, as in a moment, all were on the *qui vive*, and we came wheeling about by platoons at full trot. It left the 4th squadron leading. I galloped up to the side of Captain Assena, as he led on the charge; and, sure enough, there was little time to be lost. The company of infantry acting as skirmishers had been beaten in, and already had the advanced Arabs pierced their line, cutting many down; whilst the residue, rallying in its support, were trying to show a good face. The consumption of all their cartridges left them entirely at the mercy of the foe, at this most untimely moment. As we came up on the flank, in a slanting direction, I cast a rapid glance, so as to embrace them all. They were what the French term "*demoralisé*;" that is, not afraid exactly, but *ticklish*. There stood the men, their pieces now mute from want of powder, standing up a little stiffer than ever on a parade, with their sergeant-major hallooing out, "*dress on me,*" "*dress up,*" "*tête à droite,*" &c., &c., with a very peculiar voice; all which contrasted with the *neglige* manner exhibited by the French soldiers in *tirailleur* fighting, where each man fires, marches on, loads, turns round and fires, and then on again, for all the world as if they were the most unconcerned actors in the whole army, notwithstanding the many ugly looking fellows riding close up and popping away at them, and ready to make a dash in at any spot where carelessness, or the dead or wounded, make a gap. If this peculiar, stiff, martinet manner was the mode of showing that they were "*demoralisé*," the picture of their only officer commanding the company seemed more in accordance with a man who expected to have a headless company in some few minutes, for whether as an outcry to the colonel to bring up help, or to encourage us who were coming up to hurry along, there he stood, throwing up his two arms, and making violent gestures, exclaiming, "We are lost, we are lost, we are without cartridges, we are lost, we are lost, &c." Poor fellow, he was not blamed; for he and his whole company had exhibited great courage, and a dashing bearing, during all the skirmishing of that day. On we dashed; at the command charge, we were nearly upon them; but the moment that we had been descried coming to the attack, they had gathered their horses, and turning about, got out of our reach. We were halted after we had dashed on some two hundred yards or so and driven the Arabs pell mell. At a command, a platoon trotted out as skirmishers, and on slinging their muskets (always carried over the shoulder by all the light cavalry in Africa) as they took space, commenced an active fire, the platoon being commanded by Lieutenant Thomas. The Arabs the moment we drew rein, turned about, and were already forming in large bodies on either flank. So the squadrons commenced their return at a slow trot, the skirmishers firing and doing the same. On our return, we found order re-established among the infantry, and as cartridges had been dis-

their cartridges, would have been inevitably cut to pieces by a large force of the Arabs, who, in a sudden rush, had already ridden down their skirmishers.

We encamped this night at the "Zouave's Grave," so called from its being the last resting place of a fine young sergeant of that corps, mortally wounded during the day. When in the heat of action, the fated ball finds its mark, it adds but to the excitement of the scene, for the whistling of the balls tells you that there are more, and self prompts you to be proud and thankful to your own preserving star; and one's feelings are aroused with the spirit of immediate revenge. All are then occupied; the surrounding plain is re-echoing with the Arab war-cry of, "Aerouka—Aerouka—Aerouka," intermingled with and interrupted by the loud call of "Carcolet," "Carcolet," as often as a comrade sees his friend fall dead or wounded by his side. The dead bodies are equally with the wounded carried off the field, to prevent the Arabs decapitating them, and carrying them off in triumph.) The report of the musketry, the smoke wreathing up around you, the uniforms of the French, the wild costume of the Arabs all conjure up such a scene of excitement as none in this life realize, but the gambler and engaged soldier. How different when the heat of combat is over, and accident throws the line of your march alongside of the hospital train, or as you casually ride by them, and behold the long line of sick and wounded; and every

tributed, and they were somewhat strengthened, they looked as calm as if nothing had ever been the matter—that is, they resumed their matter-of-fact skirmishing deportment. And now, one word as to charging in order or disorder. I gave a glance back just as the troops were about commencing the full gallop of the charge. We were charging in platoon, as time did not admit other formation; the order seemed better than a bad charge on a drill ground, and not as even as a good one; there was none of that uneven scattering and loosening out on the flanks; on the contrary, they all seemed to crowd up towards the centre, and the rear platoons I believe crowded into the leading one. But, for rapidity of execution, from the moment of the breathless command of the half frightened commander of the rear-guard, to the moment of our return, nothing could have been more brilliant in the way of rapid cavalry manœuvring.

now and then witness a litter halted from out the line, whilst the surgeon is administering, with a look of soldierly solicitude, to the wants of some poor man, whose wan and ghastly cheeks mark him so shortly to be death's own. You then reflect that this very day he was in the pride of his strength and courage, performing a soldier's duty with a soldier's gallantry. You see how altered he looks now and find it is impossible to regard it with altogether a stoic's eye. The frequency of the scene, and one's own continual risk, prevents a thing of this kind long weighing on one's mind; but few can pass such a sight without an involuntary sigh. And often have I in curiosity watched the countenances of the occupant of the litter on the (mules) other side. Seldom is it one of firm determination, still one far from womanly weakness, but a something of anxiety, I know not what; a something I fancy, unknown to the reckless being who enlists for money, or the one who enters his country's ranks from youthful enthusiasm and ardor of patriotism, but one peculiar alone to the young conscript of France, who, plucked from home, recurs to his friends, when, as demoralized by the effect of the burning climate on his wound, he fears never to return. These reflections may appear to have been out of place, and indeed it is probable in a war of my own country or under any other circumstances, they would never have occurred; but here I was a traveller militant on the soil of Africa. Our encampment was on some hills overlooking a narrow valley, with heights which commanded it in the neighborhood, and as through some unaccountable neglect, these were not occupied by any sort of guard, it came to pass, what we predicted. It sure enough did not escape the vigilance of some prowling Arabs, and as our regiment was encamped on the side hill nearest, it had some few men and horses wounded as the consequence.*

June 14th.—This day we were less molested, but the

*It was here that the hospital train was obliged to give place to the Marshal's suite, although previously installed.

hills at times presented great difficulties; and, as usual, we were always obliged to await the preparing of a route for the artillery. I was here more particularly than on any other day struck with the want of management of the French with their horses. They never dismounted from their horses whilst ascending the steep hills, which they might easily have done, as there were strong infantry supports to the skirmishers on the flanks, and these were scarcely engaged. So, too, we would move on, perhaps only some hundred yards, and halt, remaining mounted perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, before ordered to dismount; the signal for the advance or halt being sounded by the trumpets attached to the general staff. In our cavalry regiments the horses would have been saved to the utmost; but the French are deficient in this purely national innate love of the horse, God's noblest work after man. This night we encamped at the "*bois d'oliviers*," (wood of olives,) a beautiful grove, nearly a mile long, and half as wide, at the foot of the Col de Teneah. On the farther edge of the grove coursed a noble clear spring, and then beyond extended a strip of meadow to where the ragged sides of the mountains arose precipitately, studded with rock and covered with underbrush. When within half a league we found signs of what we were to expect on the morrow, by seeing drawn out below us, on a plateau to the left, at the foot of the mountain, the whole body of Abd-el-Kader's infantry. And so steady had been their appearance when seen drawn up in line, that they were at first taken by the officers of the advance guard of cavalry for the division of General Rostolan, as we presumed that he had been ordered to seize on the pass, and await us. It was not until one of the marshal's staff came up, that we were undeceived, for the aforesaid division was not expected. Our glasses deceived us, inasmuch as the grey surtout (capote) of the French soldier might look thus dark to us from the peculiar haze. At least so we thought; and I really believe, that their regular appearance had such an effect on us, that color of

dress alone would, had they been near, have been sooner overlooked, than we credit that an Arab force could make such an appearance. The fact was, that they, notwithstanding their more circuitous route, had outmarched us, and showed themselves thus in bravado; and fortunate for us that they did, for it thus put it in the Marshal's power to take measures accordingly.

The regiment encamped as usual, but from the proximity of the foe, in a country where he could act, and where he had shown himself thus in force, guards were doubled and on the alert with increased vigilance. At dusk, private orders had been borne to all the officers to be in readiness with the rest of the army by twelve o'clock. At midnight, (June 15th,) accordingly the whole camp was noiselessly got under arms. Regiments of infantry stole up the heights, and occupied the passes and commanding points. At two o'clock the cavalry was on the saddle, and commenced ascending the height by the narrow and difficult path; and as our movement had by this time become known to the Arabs, orders from the rear were forwarded by mouth from man to man, for the head of the column to quicken the pace. Ragged as was the pathway, sometimes obliging the men to file by singly, we were hurried from a walk to a trot, and to a gallop; the object being to get the way clear for the convoy, which, harnessed up and parked in a solid mass, still waited in the "*bois d'oliviers*." On arriving at the point designated, the "*plateau de la croix*," one half of the cavalry were dismounted. But from the press and haste, there seemed to have been more confusion than as a military man I could have well preconceived. The position assigned us was one of the several "*plateaux*," or spurs of table land projecting out from the steep sides of the mountain, much covered with rock. Instead of forming up by half squadron, as we could have done, and then dismounting the designated men and causing the others with the led horses to file off again, and so with each squadron successively, the platoons as we came up at a

gallop, were each one halted at the point aforesaid, and as they stood in columns of "twos" the number "twos" (having before starting been advertised of it) threw themselves from their horses, which were as instantly led off at a full pace. The men who dismounted, then formed line and were disposed in this their place in the general line of battle. The "*plateau de la croix*" * where we found ourselves placed, was the extreme right of this day's fight. During the preceding month, on the return of the army from Mediah on its way back to Algiers, the cavalry, as the army was crossing at mid-day, narrowly escaped being cut off at this point, from its having been neglected. This time the Marshal's experience dictated our being placed here, to prevent the Arabs seizing so important a key, even should they make the attempt. It was a place naturally strong; so that the dismounted cavalry were fully competent to its defence. By this time the skirmish in the woods, which had commenced by a light firing, had now thickened into a serious affair; it gradually extended on the right and left of it, and by 5 o'clock, A. M., the line of fight extended in a semi-circle for near half a league, and the while the dismounted cavalry on the plateau were felt (but not warmly) by the Kabyles with the Arab infantry. Indeed, the fight itself, though fought by the Bedouins dismounted, by the Arab infantry, and the mountaineers or Kabyles, owed its pertinacity to the unflinching courage and native skill of these latter. On all points where practicable, and it could be brought to bear, pieces of our artillery had been put in position, and with their deep roar added to the general resonation of the infantry fire. This, aided by the echoes of the mountains, sounded as one mighty host, executing unceasing "fire by battalions."

* So named from a cross cut on the rocks above a bubbling spring on the right of the road. Tradition gives no account of its origin, though it testifies to its having been there time immemorially. The "*Tombau de la Chretienne*" on the heights between the sea and plain of the Metidja, is another vestige of the Christian in this land of the Moslem.

The point where the Arabs had encamped was the great plateau, lying immediately below, and extending for some distance to our right, the ground where we had first seen their infantry the preceding evening. It was from here that by a flank movement they had moved around in great force and attacked the "*bois d'oliviers*" on all points, which up to this time was the seat of the severest fighting. The contest was in defence of the helpless convoy parked there; though at each moment, as the battle lulled, they were pushed up the road. The main mass of it, as yet, remained there. It was, though not in our view, sufficiently evident to us, from seeing the artillery in battery on several points somewhat lower down, throwing their shells heavily and constantly into the ravines skirting the sides at the bottom of our part of the mountain, that a large body of the enemy must be there in waiting; but it was not until after six, and near seven o'clock, that we were fully aware of the real numbers that were there. At this moment, a large column of about one thousand of Abd-el-Kader's regulars, at quick step, and aligned in the most perfect order, left their place of cover, and advanced desperately up the sides of the "*plateau de la mine de cuivre*." On this, a bare piece of ground, they unmasked; and, in face of a raging fire of artillery, and battalions of infantry, (that, from the nature of the ground, took them in front and flank,) they dauntlessly drove from their position the "*Tirailleurs de Vincennes*," who occupied a narrow ledge crowning the plateau, and threw them back on their reserves. This was in full view of us, it being only some three hundred and fifty yards or so to the right, and lower down. By the aid of our glasses, it was easy to distinguish individual combats, as the "*Tirailleurs*," having been rallied and reinforced, charged in turn to regain their lost ground. They were a second time forced back; until, by a last desperate * charge, precipitating themselves on

* In this last charge, a private of tirailleurs distinguished himself by killing three Arabs continuously; he bayoneted one, shot the other, and as in the act of killing the third, with his bayonet just entering his side, received

the Arabs, they finally possessed themselves of the point in contest, the veritable key of the whole battle-ground. The loss of the Arabs was tremendous, and they retired in confusion, throwing themselves into the underwood of the adjoining ravines. This had been the crisis of the fight. Similar attacks, but less daring and obstinate, having met with repulse by the other regiments on the centre and left, the enemy commenced drawing off, and at about mid-day not a gun was heard, and the subsequent stillness and silence of the place was most striking. All the regiments obtained the Marshal's applause on that day; but the *Tirailleurs Zouaves*, "*Troisième Leger*," and 3d light infantry, suffered the most heavily. The killed and wounded, in this day's affair, amounted to some three hundred. General Schramm, chief of the staff, and second in command, was struck by a spent ball, in the same spot and manner that happened to him at Wagram, but not seriously. The wounded having been taken up the pass, and then the convoy having been likewise sent through, the troops which had been engaged commenced evacuating their position, and took up their line of march successively. The whole army was concentrated on the summit* of the mountain, late in the afternoon. In relation

from the Arab a pistol shot (the muzzle touching his face,) which blew off a part of his jaw, and left him senseless on the field, but not dead.

*The table land on the peak of the Teneah, could not have been more than a couple of acres. It was soon literally choked up with wounded. Our chasseurs stood dismounted in column beside their horses. Some three or four hospital-marquees were the only tents pitched. Regiments of infantry were resting on the declivities adjoining. In one place stood the grey-headed marshal issuing his directions in person. In another, and nearer to us, the bodies of the slain officers were laid out in a row. Continued screams arose from the hospital-tents, where they were performing the amputations. Ghastly countenances of the badly wounded, propped up on the bare ground, exposed to the searching wind of the summit, already thickened into immediate contact with ourselves, and horses. The scene was an unusual one, even amidst war. However, at such times it often happens, that associations endows some incidents with a preponderating influence. For me, it was connected with the "*Tirailleurs de Vincennes*." Since arriving in France, I had seen them in far varied situations. Firstly, at the camp of Fontainebleau, as one of the three American officers invited to

to this affair of the Col de Teneah, the Marshal was by some very much blamed for not having followed up the repulse of the enemy after their attack on the plateau "*de la mine de cuire*," by a charge on them with the troops of the right wing. The enemy were then in a highly critical situation, and would have suffered a terrible loss. This was particularly evident to us from our particular position, for we had observed for the last two hours or so, the wounded of the enemy being carried to their depot for the wounded, off to the right (in respect to us) extremity of the plateau, (where they had encamped) in such great numbers, in men's arms, in litters, on camels, and on horses, that as they came off of the field of battle in two directions, it showed like two very heavy columns; and were subject occasionally to much confusion from the fall of some lucky long-ranging shell. The loss of the Arabs must have been tremendous, from the report of all the officers engaged, and from this proof before our eyes of their numerous wounded. And yet, in the policy of their chief, they exhibited after all firing had ceased, the bravado of their regiments of regular Spahis, resplendent in their "red bournous," parading in line just outside of the "wood of olives," and going through with all the evolutions of a drill as if in defiance of us, and to mark their unconquered spirit. Still, the subsequent events of the campaign showed that this affair had thrown a disrelish into the Arabs to come to close quarters again, or shirmish with their usual alacrity. The killed and wounded

Louis Philippe's suite, we had regarded with admiration this chosen and newly-raised corps. All eyes were then upon them. They were sent to Africa shortly after. I arrived in spring. It was at Bouffarick, where the army corps was being concentrated, that their bugles and dark green dress, once more interested me. We were acquaintances. This evening closed the drama. During the day they were particularly exposed. And now, at this moment, a detail, in those dark uniforms, came silently to that heap of slain. They sought there their leader; the third that had fallen since we met at Fontainebleau. I well remember the stalwart corse, as the bugles sounded a few notes, it was borne off in solemn silence to its mountain grave. The army said that in him, they had lost a "beau Sabreur."

in this affair amounted to three hundred; twenty only were reported killed. This would seem incredible, but it is a generally known fact, that where cannon are not employed, few hits kill dead. Besides, those mortally wounded were reported merely as wounded, to satisfy the marshal's conscience;* which loss was surpassed only by the battle of the 12th of May; but, as the French officers say, there were full fifty killed and missing. Such of the wounded as could be transported, the cavalry and some few regiments of infantry as an escort, were, late in the afternoon, sent down to the foot of the mountain, to the "Ferme de Moussaiah." It was about half past seven that we took up our line of march from the summit, (the afternoon and night were felt chilly as we were on the elevated summit) and it was about two o'clock A. M., when we reached our encamping ground. As an instance of the trying fatigues of war, our horses had remained saddled and bridled, without food and without water, all this time, being twenty-six hours. Nor was this the only occasion, ere this campaign was finished; it occurred several times. It happened twice within this very week.

June 16th.—This day we remained at Moussaiah. The army was occupied in transporting below more convoys of the wounded, and occupying the most important points of the mountains, as well as in mending and where possible, widening the route.

June 17th.—General Blancford with the cavalry brigade, and some two thousand infantry, was sent to Blidah with a large convoy of such wounded as could be moved, for the entire interior of the fortified camp of Moussaiah was taken up with tents and brush cabins of the wounded;

*The Marshal reported only twenty killed to three hundred wounded. This statement was true of such as were *shot down dead*. But a man though mortally wounded, even though he survived not to reach the hospital, was returned merely *wounded*. This impolitic policy of the Marshal, who wished to be thought as gaining bloodless victories, so unjust to the troops, who suffered, created universal disgust; and when I reached Toulon, there was an express (an officer) sent to inquire into this and other accounts. There were twelve officers alone killed.

for huts constructed of brush, from the insufficiency of tents, had to be the best and only covering for scores of dying and maimed heroes of the preceding day, in a climate, too, where a wound is almost certain death. The other all-important object of General Blancford's column was to bring up to the main army the supplies that might have been collected at this place (Blidah) for it was now fully known that the Marshal's plan was to re-provision Mediah, which had received but a two month's supply. The tribe of the Hadjotes, whose acquaintance I had formed whilst with the detached brigade of General Rostolan the past month, followed us, skirmishing* slightly till we had passed Chiffa, beyond which they seldom or never venture.

June 18th.—The next day, towards the afternoon, we

* Though half fearing to seem an egotist, I must here mention a little anecdote. Just this side the Chiffa, the army was halted whilst the centre bat-train and wagons were crossing and ascending the narrow pathway up the opposite side. There being some inviting grain-fields just a little to the left, the colonel of the French regiment (chasseurs and hussars) ventured thoughtlessly beyond the infantry line of skirmishers and the regiment commenced collecting forage. I left my regiment to pay a visit to the Danish officer attached to their regiment. They had omitted to post videttes : presently from the bushes that were within one hundred yards, some leading Arabs commenced deliberately firing on us ; and as the Dane and myself were behind the regiment, three balls in succession whistled past us, making my horse dodge his ears and snort. In an instant, to saddle was ordered, forage was abandoned, and the regiment rode off pell mell, getting through by different debouches the brush skirting the river bank. One officer, a lieutenant of hussars, and some twelve men, had been hurriedly ordered "*en tirailleur*" to cover the movement, but strange to say, after making show of galloping out, and hollowing to his men who seemed as little to relish it as himself, to take ground, he also disappeared through the bushes. My friend and myself were doing the same, when the balls thickening, the hussars came galloping along ; but I was struck to see how, even amidst their fear (for their hurried manner betrayed that,) they could not overcome their discipline as to respect for rank, for they seemed to recover themselves, and looked as if necessary to be resigned. My feelings at that moment made me feel that Africa should be no exception to my determination as a cavalry officer, to ever cover the retreat of my comrades. So I ordered them to precede, and myself was last in sight of my friends, the Hadjouts. This tribe is *sworn* to defend its own territory, but never advances beyond, nor has ever fully joined in allegiance to Abd-el-Kader.

returned to Moussaiah, leaving the French regiment of horse behind to recruit at Blidah and Bouffarick. At midnight we were noiselessly got to horse, as the whole camp were under arms; at such times not a signal of course is heard, but staff officers in an under tone pass rapidly from officer to officer along the ranks, issuing the directions as required. The fault of the Marshal was his ill combination of the essential time for each part of the army to move; and thus as we were to be concentrated a mile or so from camp, our regiment awaited full more than an hour the coming up of the entire corps. It was with some impatience that we awaited; at length the muffled, but timed tread of the infantry, as battalion after battalion, in the dead darkness of the night, came up, was heard approaching us, and then, as they formed up in close column at our side, the darker form of their schakos was just discernible against the horizon; and occasionally, commingling with their measured tramp, was heard the rumbling of some piece of artillery or wagon of the baggage train, as it stole cautiously along; still, so quiet was the whole movement, that an army watching our actions, could not have become aware that our camp had been deserted. With us this precaution was most necessary, to avoid awaking the Arab guerillas of the mountain. We were also safer, in darkness, from their deadly aim. We soon commenced the ascent. The gray light of coming day gradually gained on the retreating darkness of the night. The sun came forth in all his glory, and each peak seemed gilded with a blaze of glory, as, with the rising of the sun, we attained the summit of the Col de Teneah. This we found in a more organized condition than the scene of the numerous wounded, huddled together as they could find room, presented at the time that we quitted it.

June 19th.—The fore part of the day was spent on the height, awaiting the concentrating of the convoy, and re-organizing the troops after their severe losses by sickness and battle. For a march to Medeah was known to

be our immediate object, and a rumor was spreading in the camp, that a march was proposed to Milianah. The army, however, was moving down the defile from morning to about mid-day. By the afternoon, our turn came to take our place in the line of march. The giving way of a part of the narrow route, and the rolling of a piece of artillery, with its horses, into the deep ravine below, created some confusion and delay. The night set in dark and heavy, but towards eleven o'clock the clouds broke away, and nothing could be lovelier than the "wood of olives," as seen lying immediately before us—its dark masses of shade in strong contrast with the bright moonlight that pierced it, where the trees were more open. As we neared it, and entered by them, all pleasurable sensation was repelled by the stench of the putrifying corpses of the late fight; still, so much is there in a good appetite, after a day of fatigue, that we found the corps that had preceded us, heartily engaged at supper, where the smell was most intolerable, absolutely reeking in our nostrils; an example, however, we hastened to follow, on arriving at our designated place of bivouac, at half past eleven. This made the second time that our horses had remained the full twenty-four hours saddled, bridled, unwatered, unfed.

June 20th.—By an easy march, this day we arrived at Medeah. The Arabs showed themselves in some force to our right, but at a great distance, sending some very few horsemen to skirmish with us. They were evidently disheartened. Some few miles from the pass of Teneah, and in the nearest direction to Medeah, rises abruptly a detached spur of the mountains. On this had been established an Arab redoubt, supplied with a piece of artillery. It would have been an affair of many lives to have attacked and forced it; but its height rendered its fire so ineffectual that the columns were passing for a full hour within its range, its balls falling everywhere in amongst us, but not a soldier killed. We were, that is, our particular regiment, far more annoyed by the audacity of

some Kabyles on our left, who, covered by some broken ground, approached quite near to us, whilst halted, and unprotected by the infantry "tirailleurs" who had continued their march unobservant of us, and thus left us exposed. A few balls whistled among the platoons, and Captain Assenais' horse was hit. I thanked my stars that it was neither himself nor me, for I was at his side.*

Medeah, without being as picturesquely situated as Milianah, has beautiful environs. Its site is on a moderate rise, which slopes off gently in every direction, excepting towards the east. Numerous Moorish country-seats are studded around, universally accompanied by that chief charm of Moorish civilization, a sweet garden spot. How far the Easterns excel us in that respect. With them, none so poor, none so rich, but what his first care is to turn the immediate spot around him into a paradise of a garden. There is here one of the finest of Moorish aqueducts, of some miles length, nearly grand as the Roman must have been, but more pleasing to the eye from its lighter and more picturesque Saracen arch. Medeah, though unprovided with the same vast necropolis, proving its former crowded generations, is now about the size of Milianah. It was rich, but by no means of the vast importance of the latter city, whose king [Bey] is conspicuously marked as the reckless and avaricious servant and abettor of the Marabout chief, Abd-el-Kader. And it was in Milianah, more particularly, that they had celebrated their orgies, where heads of massacred French caused a fete of the direst kind. Both, however, were rich, both had been Roman sites, and the savans of the French army, who had examined, said that they

* As for our soldiers *dodging*, I remember this, as one of two instances, where men who were habitually indifferent under an actual fire, displayed this physical nervousness when unexpected of a shot. The other was with a company of voltigeurs. They had been hard fighting five minutes before, with some loss, and had just gained a little respite under a hill side where I was standing with the chasseurs, when, by their skirmishers coming in unexpectedly, the Arabs crowned the height and fired, whilst our attention was drawn to watching the effect of some charges on another party.

depicted the usual monumental inscriptions of the Romans. This place had once before been taken and held by the French under Marshal Clausel, but had been given up as too salient, and cut off from their proposed line of colonization frontier. The place was found garrisoned by some two hundred men, and already showing a scientific design engrafted on its Arab curtain of fortifications.

June 21st.—This was Sunday, and it seemed indeed a day of heavenly rest, as bivouacked amidst the gardens of the town, under the shade of the myrtle, and on the banks of a rippling stream we gave way to our longings after luxury and repose, and forgot that war was near and around us.

June 22d.—It was now determined by the marshal to victual Milianah with a sufficiently heavy convoy to furnish supplies for the use of an army in the fall, operating in the plain of the Chelif. Accordingly the distinguished Colonel Changarnier,* some four or five old generals having been passed over for that purpose (as General Schramm, General D***, (of the staff,) General Blancford,) was entrusted with a select corps of five thousand men. All the artillery, excepting some few pieces of mountain howitzers, were left behind, and as few hindrances to mobility, independent of the heavy convoy of provisions itself, as were possible. The squadrons of hussars and chasseurs, who had composed the second regiment of march, had remained the other side of the mountains; so that ours the first chasseurs d'Afrique, to be beforehand with our friends the Arabs, we marched at 3 o'clock in the morning, and for Africa and with a convoy, at a slapping pace. We halted about 11 o'clock, for an hour, to prepare breakfast, and for the men and cattle to breathe; and by a rapid

*Colonel Changarnier proved his complete generalship by his thoughtfulness of all corps. We never were halted, even for ten minutes, but that beforehand an orderly dragoon would be despatched to inform our commander what he might do, whether dismount, or when to commence operations, or forage and fueling for the night's bivouac.

push we reached the plain of the Cheliff, crossing that river where we had first come to it, on our march from Milianah at half past 7 o'clock. We had scarcely been fired on by a single Arab all this day, but towards evening we discovered the Arabs at some leagues distance to our right, and in truly formidable numbers, seeming far more numerous than we had ever encountered them, when our army was embodied and together. Their cavalry extended over the plains, and the woods swarming with their infantry; their regular battalions being distinguishable as usual by their compactness and dark uniforms, (all other Arabs wearing the flowing white bournous.)

June 23d.—As our object was to avoid an engagement, we were got together at 2 o'clock, and on full march for Milianah. We arrived at the marabout, (or Moslem d'Ormitage, a Chapel) at about mid-day. There had been the usual light skirmishing all the way. The heights on either side were occupied. The garrison came out to meet us. But, when most at our ease, one of those dashes for which the Arabs are noted, had nearly resulted to our cost. The convoy had passed, and the cavalry were already entered in the defile, when the whole mass of Arabs made a general attack, charging the rear guard and advancing by a pass (that had been overlooked) to the right, to cut it (the rear-guard) off from the main body, whilst thus entangled in the mountains. This bold manœuvre was near succeeding, and would have done so most probably, but that the direct attack on the rear-guard at the mouth of the gorge, was commenced too soon, and the regiments hurrying back to the support of the rear-guard, by good fortune and the merest chance, found themselves in position, just as the Arabs were advancing up this neglected pass (that intersected at midway the main one.) As it was, they, the Arabs, were driven back on all points. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant affair, for the handful of men engaged, that occurred during the campaign. On this occasion, as had happened several times before, the men were addressed in French by the deserters in the

ranks of the enemy, in terms too opprobrious for decency to repeat. The army, excepting a small escort to the provision convoy, did not ascend to the city of Milianah, but remained encamped in the beautiful plateau at its base, until evening, when it returned, and encamped in a square on the plain near the marabout, so often mentioned.

June 24th.—By an easy march, the next day, we returned on our steps, and encamped on the Chelif, at the usual place of crossing, on the farther side, interposing the stream between us, and the Bedouins. The skirmishing continued, as usual, and the “obusiers de montagne” did their full share of mischief. The enemy had about 10,000 horsemen in the plain, of which only some 1,000 engaged. A heavy column of the enemy’s infantry were observed progressing through the mountains and wood, making a parallel move with us, they very properly feared to trust to their discipline to withstand a charge of our self-same chasseurs, who had treated them so unceremoniously once before near Blidah. This body of infantry had a force with them, which they occasionally directed at us. It is impossible in this country, unless present, to understand the immense moral effect that the French cavalry has, though so seldom actually engaged, and how truly helpless the infantry would be without its aid. Still the merit of the war lies decidedly with the foot.

June 25th.—The next day we continued the same route (the one we had passed in coming,) with occasional sharp encounters, and encamped at the Fountains. Once or twice during the day, the Arabs charged and entered the line of skirmishers, cutting them down with their yat-agans, and receiving bayonet wounds in exchange. This always occurs, when, owing to the nature of the ground, the rear-guard is obliged to remain in position, too long—as sometimes necessitated to prevent a plunging fire from the heights on the convoy, and masses of the columns; or, in the heat of combatting, when individual soldiers expose themselves by not preserving their intervals, or advancing beyond the line; or, when it so happens, from a gap in

the line being made by many of the killed and wounded falling together. In such cases, you will see the whole body of Arabs, from all quarters, in the most excited manner, precipitate themselves on that one point, pouring in their fire, and brandishing their yatagans, unless as immediately met and repulsed by the infantry or cavalry reserves.

In this march, as usual, the column destroyed villages and crops, wherever they passed.

June 26th.—We were on march again at 2 o'clock in the morning, but were not annoyed nor followed by the Arabs. Towards 9 o'clock, our regiment of chasseurs were sent to Medeah to communicate with the marshal. At noon, the division that had remained at Medeah, the artillery, wagons, and animals of the train were put in motion to form their junction with the corps under Colonel Changarnier. This being effected about midway to the mountains, we marched to and encamped amidst our old bowers in the Bois d'Oliviers at 6 o'clock. There was some firing towards the close of the march, and the Arabs were discovered to the left, but not in very large numbers. They certainly had had enough of fighting in this region before. An hour after camping, we were quietly warned "to horse," and artillery, convoy, and cavalry, commenced ascending the pass in the obscurity of the twilight, some few guns were heard, (seemingly chance discharges in the enemy's camp;) and this proved the last molestation the French army was destined to suffer in the spring campaign of 1840. Our regiment got into position on the summit of the mountain in some few hours. We had had our supper before starting; our tents it is true were elsewhere, but the officers, like the men, were happy to seize a tranquil slumber on the ground beside their picketed horses. During the night the army continued concentrating on the summit of the heights of Teneah.

June 27th.—At mid-day we commenced defiling on Moussaiah, where we arrived towards sun-down.

June 28th.—The day following, the 28th, General Blanford was sent with the cavalry to Blidah, with the intention of bringing up the provisions that had been left in depot there, by the movable column from the interior; for the provisions convoyed to Milianah from the stores of the Medeah, had to be replaced at this latter place, so that both towns might be provisioned beyond all hazard until the coming October. No sooner had we arrived at Blidah, and formed up on the ground destined for our bivouac, and were on the point of dismounting, than an order was then for the first time received by our colonel, to march us on to Bouffarick, and to order up to the main army, the hussar and chasseur squadrons of France, (the late 2d regiment of march) which had not re-crossed the mountains a second time, to replace us. A timely order, for our horses were literally worn out.

The French army, afterwards, on receiving a new provisioning, returned to Medeah, and entered Algiers, on the 5th of July, after destroying by a "razia" the villages of several tribes, within striking distance of Blidah, which had, however, hitherto been overlooked—a punishment brought on themselves for past offences.

Arrive at Bouffarick that day. Next day, the colonel, myself, several officers, and escort, proceed to and arrive in Algiers.

NOTES.

(1). Tunis was certainly not governed by a king but by a *quasi*-elected Bey, sometimes styled Dey.

(2). This remark must refer to very recent times, for there is no spot to which the French had penetrated that they did not find vestiges of Roman and Byzantine civilization.

(3). This officer, afterwards "the General commanding the Cavalry Division of the Imperial Guard" at Solferino, was named MORRIS, and the name in the text was doubtlessly written phonetically, as pronounced, not written.



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PHILIP KEARNY was a born soldier. His military instincts were hereditary through his mother's line, whom he resembled. They furnished to the British Crown a number of gallant and able officers, from brigadier-general down to cornet or ensign, who upheld the royal authority: one dying Quarter-Master-General of the British army beside Wellington, at Waterloo. An uncle was Major-General Stephen Watts Kearny, than whom no grander specimen of an American officer ever maintained the glory of the country. Another, George Watts, of the U. S. Dragoons, as aide-de-camp to General Scott, saved the life of his chief by his coolness and decision just before Chippewa, as that general related to the writer and others. A third, a great-uncle, Stephen Watts, displayed unusual dash, as second in command to his brother-in-law, Sir John Johnson, Bart., in the bloodiest conflict of the Revolution at the north, where he lost his leg, and was otherwise almost mortally wounded, and these references might be greatly extended.

Philip Kearny was originally intended for the church. He was brought up like a brother with the writer in the home of one of the noblest men who ever lived, their common grandfather, Hon. John Watts, founder and endower of the Leake and Watts Orphan House. How the idea of a religious career for young Kearny could ever have entered mortal brain now seems inexplicable, because from his boyhood all his thoughts seemed to run on

soldiers. Every fibre seemed to be continually vibrating with the hopes of eventually getting into the army, of tasting the fruit forbidden him by those that controlled him.

So soon as his grandfather died, and left him very wealthy for those times, and as soon as he could obtain a commission, he joined the 1st U. S. Dragoons, commanded by his uncle, Stephen Watts Kearny, and having been appointed second lieutenant March 8, 1837, he at once displayed the chivalrous spirit which continued to distinguish him throughout life. In July, 1839, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and acted as aid to Brigadier-General Atkinson.

Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War, having determined to send out three officers to study and observe the cavalry tactics prescribed for the French army, and their application in the field, Philip Kearny was selected to act as one of the commission. The three sailed from New York in August, 1839, and on the 8th of October were at the cavalry school at Saumur. Very soon, however, Kearny—after doing honor to the country by his elegant liberality, and giving a grand ball, which at that time was thought so unusually fine as to be considered worthy of commemoration in an oil painting by a French artist—obtained leave of absence to accompany the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of the king of the French, to witness and participate in real war in Algiers.* There he had a full opportunity

* There is a seeming contradiction in the narratives of General Kearny's services in Africa in (1839 ? and) 1840, as one appears in my detailed life of him, and another in the pamphlet to which this sketch serves as an introduction. This discrepancy is thus susceptible of explanation. Philip Kearny, like most men of his temperament, was subject to the most contradictory moods. Sometimes he was very taciturn or reticent, especially as to his military services ; at others he was just as talkative—always, however, he wanted to tell his story in his own way, and when he did so few could narrate or describe better than he did. Still he so blended what he had heard, and which often served as an introduction to what he saw, with what he actually witnessed, it was impossible, after a lapse of many years, to discriminate between the narrative of what he credited to others and what belonged to himself. This confusion was still farther augmented by the statement of the Prince de Joinville, that Kearny was in Africa with

to realize that the lot of a soldier is to suffer as well as to fight, for he underwent the severest suffering and took part in fearful fighting, considering the dangers to which a handful of troops—in comparison to the huge armies with which he was afterwards associated—was exposed from swarms of fearless and often intangible foes. It was almost a repetition of the invasion of the Scythians by Cyrus; of

the elder brother of the Prince, the Duke of Orleans, which was corroborated by General de Trobriand in his "Military History (in French) of the Four Years' Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," in which he explicitly states "he [Kearny] subsequently visited Algeria, where he was permitted to accompany the Duke of Orleans as honorary aide-de-camp during the campaign of the Gates of Iron." Of this operation nothing appears in Kearny's own pamphlet. If he was with the Duke, he has left no record of a circumstance which was sufficiently remarkable to make an indelible impression. At all events, he must have talked upon the subject—which was on the lips of all who were in Africa about 1839-'40—in such a manner as to convey the idea that he was with the Duke of Orleans, or else how could de Trobriand have set it down, as he has done, as an undoubted fact, because Kearny was constantly thrown in contact with him for nearly a year of service, so to speak, as at Williamsburg, almost side by side.

In December, 1851, the writer was detained at Toulon in consequence of hostilities which occurred in the territory between that fortress and the confines of Italy. Toulon is the naval port from which are despatched the military expeditions to Africa. The landlord of the principal hotel instantly recognized the family likeness between the writer and Kearny, whom he remembered perfectly well, was pleased to talk about him, and repeated several characteristic anecdotes. The memory of these conversations influenced the chapters of the biography so far as concerns the connection of Kearny with the operations in Algeria, in which the Duke of Orleans participated.

Long after the biography had been published and distributed, a single copy of Kearny's own pamphlet was sent anonymously to the writer, but it was then too late to make use of it, because all control of the book had passed out of his hands.

Memory is a curious thing, and utterly untrustworthy in the majority of cases after an interval of years, so much so that the writer, who has published a number of works connected with the history of the War of the Rebellion, scarcely recalls a single instance where the reminiscences of one who served in the war were identical with the diary or memoranda of the same person made and kept at the time. Nor should the anecdote be forgotten which is told of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who is said to have heard and talked so much of Waterloo, that it was reported, half in earnest and half in jest, that the Prince had actually worked himself up into the belief that he was present in that battle, and absolutely related what had been told to him as things that he had actually seen.

the Parthians by Crassus ; or of the Everglades, held by the Seminoles, by successive United States commanders.

As the narrative of what Kearny saw in Algiers constitutes the body of the volume, to which this sketch serves as an introduction, there is no necessity to dwell upon the theme. Suffice it to say that when the writer, ten years later, was in Algiers he was recognized from a strong family resemblance, and heard from private and officer the highest praise of the dashing American, who shunned no hardship, and still, as an exemplar, lived in the brightest memories of the corps with which he served.

One anecdote upon which he used to dwell demonstrates one of the ugliest features of Algerian war. Marshal Vallée—whatever may have been his capacity—was certainly noted for the severity of his discipline and his lack of sympathy for his troops. On one occasion, after a hot day of march and skirmish, the surgeons had established their arrangements for the night, and pitched the hospital tents in the most salubrious situation to take advantage of the slightest zephyr of a torrid African night.

When Vallée rode up he thought that there was just the nicest spot for his own marquee, and hustled off the sick and wounded to a locality which, as it turned out, was most exposed to the onfall of a foe cunning as wild beasts in their thirst for blood. Amid the darkness the Arabs or Kabyles surprised the surgeons' quarters, massacred some if not all of the invalids, and, according to custom, cut off as many heads as possible to bear off as trophies. Our American soldiers would scarcely have stood the rough usage to which the French were subjected. The writer returned from Algiers in a steamer which carried a deck-load of wounded and convalescents, who were exposed without shelter to the rain, the bitter cold, and the heavy seas which swept the vessel from stem to stern. It was a very protracted, circuitous, and tempestuous passage. Twice the steamer was driven by a fierce mistral into the Spanish port of Palamos, and throughout, in full sight, the Pyrenees were plainly visible, so completely

covered with snow, from base to summit, that they resembled nothing else than Titanic loaves of white sugar. It is a great mistake to imagine that an expedition into the Atlas has the slightest resemblance to Sherman's picnicking through Georgia or his "holiday" "march to the sea." Amid the Atlas supreme heat and extreme cold alternate; the rain beats down with a violence that, to use a proverbial expression, the huge drops falling they sound upon the tents as if these were thrashed with rods. The snow-fall is likewise tremendous, so that the French retreat, from their first attempt upon Constantine in the late fall of 1836, was attended, upon a smaller scale, with many of the horrors of Napoleon's return from Moscow. This is mentioned to show the "bitter-sweet" of Kearny's first experience of campaigning.

Such was his gallantry during the campaign which he described, that it was the desire of the French king to confer upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor; but he was compelled to refuse the coveted distinction, because our government, much more strict with her officers in those days of comparatively pure republicanism, would not permit its representatives to accept foreign decorations or gifts. Nowadays they are accepted and worn openly, and apparently without interference or question.

On his return from Europe, in the fall of 1840, Kearny was appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Macomb, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and remained with him until the latter's death, 25th of June, 1841. From October to December of that year he was on duty at the United States cavalry barracks at Carlisle, Pa. Thence he returned to Washington as aide-de-camp to Major-General Winfield Scott, next Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army. With him Kearny remained—"dispensing elegant hospitality"—from December, 1841, to April, 1844, when he was relieved and ordered to join his company. On the 12th of May, 1844, he was with his regiment at Fort Leavenworth, and was enabled by his experience in Africa to prepare his immediate command

for efficient service against the Indians, and the projected display of our military strength upon the plains.

From May, 1845, commanding his company, Kearny served under his uncle and colonel, on an expedition to the South Pass at the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

On his return, tired of the apparent endless prospects of mere routine service after having tasted the "joys of battle," he resigned his commission, 6th April, 1846. Scarcely had he done so, when it became manifest that the country was to be engaged in a war with Mexico, and he applied to be reinstated. His application was granted 15th April, 1846, and he was sent west to complete his model company of dragoons, one which never had a superior, if an equal, in the service, as to men, horses (grays), and equipment. While recruiting and mounting his troops, expending his own money freely to secure handsomer and better animals, he encountered Mr. Lincoln, who when he became President, at once, with pleasure, recognized in the New Jersey Brigadier the "Mr. Kerny," as he always called him, who had so impressed him fifteen years previously. In December, 1846, he received his commission as captain, and his crack company became the body-guard of Major-General Scott. Doing his duty to the letter, Kearny, nevertheless, had no opportunity to make a mark until he made his way across the Pedregal—a vast field of lava near the City of Mexico,—which separated the two wings of the American army. According to the usual mode of crediting every remarkable deed to an especial favorite, the successful traversing on horseback of this lava-bed—hitherto considered impracticable for mounted men—was passed to the credit of Robert E. Lee, afterwards the most prominent rebel commander. It was a reconnoissance necessary to learn the possibility of establishing communications between the disunited grand divisions. The writer understood at the time that Kearny was the first who made the transit, and Kearny himself always dwelt upon this act as one of the most difficult feats he had ever performed. Kearny, if not the first,

was certainly one of the first who was able to do it. It was wonderful how he succeeded in accomplishing the passage, for he made his way over at night—moonlight, however, it is true—leaping his horse over the clefts, which nobody but a fearless rider like himself would ever have dreamed of attempting. Always having so much to say on a subject near to the heart and ever denied sufficient space to express it, except in dry and concise language forbidding all attempts to present a vivid word-picture, it is necessary to omit many details and pass at once to the “Charge of the One Hundred,” which, in some respects, was as worthy of commemoration as the “Charge of the Six Hundred,” sung by the Poet Laureate of Britain.

Previous to the battle of Churubusco, Kearny had solicited from his friendly chief permission, for the time being, to intermit his services at head-quarters and participate in the impending battle. The request was granted, and if Kearny had been allowed to complete his charge that day and he had been supported in it, the Americans would have entered the Mexican capital on the 18th August, and that triumph would not have been postponed until the 14th of September, with all the intervening useless slaughter and uncertainty.

But let it never be forgotten that the first man who had entered sword in hand the gate of that capital was Captain Philip Kearny.

There are very few people who are sufficiently level-headed to judge for themselves, and even fewer possess the courage to resist the influence of men in high position, who too often owe it to any cause but merit; therefore, it is hardly worth while to argue with the stupid masses, but simply necessary to state that some of the wisest critics on war consider that the trinity of qualities which command success are audacity or energy, judgment of locality, and appreciation of time. The expression of horse jockeys, that time is a hard horse to beat about summarizes the whole matter. General Latrille, one of the officers produced by the great French Revolution, adopted

as the motto for his work, "Reflections on Modern War," published in the winter of 1801, a work which soon became scarce, remarks: "In war audacity is almost always prudence." In chapter XIV he cites Marshal Saxe, who, he says, struck out a great idea when he predicted that the great secret of battles would one day be found to consist in a combination of rapidity and order. There are crises in battles and in campaigns, when scarcely any sacrifice is too great for the gain or the utilization of time. Such a crisis occurred when Kearny made his charge at Churubusco, and the mistake made in not following up and supporting it was inexcusable. On the heels of Kearny the American army could have gone into Mexico, and all the loss of life and time, which occurred subsequently and previous to the occupation of the Mexican capital, was simple waste, and worse—the risk of losing all that an appreciation of the circumstances would have insured. James Walker, the greatest military painter that this country has ever produced—perhaps, in very truth, the only one,—executed in oil two exquisite representations of the beginning, with about 100 men, and the end of this charge, with about a dozen. They belong to the writer, and any one who examines them cannot fail to recognize in these perfect cabinet pictures the course and conclusion of that cavalry charge, which is worthy to rank with the charge of the British cavalry, 15th Light Dragoons, at Villiers-en-Couche, towards Cambray, a most marvellous operation, 24th April, 1794, and that of the Polish Lancers of Napoleon's Imperial Guard in the Pass of Somo-Sierra, in 1808, or that of the "British Light Brigade," at Balaclava, in 1855.

No mean romantic prose-poet, Mayne Reid, has likewise celebrated Kearny's achievements. Reid, then a captain of the New York Volunteers in the United States service, who, like Walker, the painter, witnessed the charge, commemorated in his magazine "*Outward*" the glorious feat of arms, of which, as a fellow-soldier, and having seen it, he appreciated the gallantry and grandeur. When

so much has got to be told in a very few pages, the principal events in a grand career must serve simply as stepping-stones to carry the reader across the broad current of many years.

In the summer of 1851, Kearny was ordered to California, again to take command of his company. He had scarcely been transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, when he demonstrated the truth of what has so often been claimed for him, that he seemed destined to shine in whatever he undertook. His summer campaign of 1851, against the Rogue River Indians, was one of the most telling blows ever delivered by our army in this harassing warfare. These savages, at that period, were the most wicked, most warlike, and most difficult to subdue of all the tribes on our Pacific coast. What rendered them more formidable was the fact that they occupied a district which intercepted all intercourse between Oregon and California; they were scattered along and across the direct road, north and south, on the banks of the Rogue River, which drains a rugged, mountainous wilderness, and flows, as a general thing, west, and perpendicular to the coast, emptying into the Pacific, twenty miles south of Port Orford, and fifty miles north of Crescent City.

Major-General Rufus Ingalls told me: "This handsome campaign opened that country"; and Governor Joseph Lane wrote to me, in 1868:

"During the summer of 1851, Major Phil. Kearny received orders to proceed, with two companies of United States Dragoons, Captains Stewart and Walker, from Oregon, to some point in California. En route, he was informed of a recent attack of the Rogue River Indians, in which they succeeded in killing quite a number of miners, and doing other mischief. These Indians were at that time the most warlike and formidable tribe on the Pacific coast. Never having known defeat, they were exceedingly bold in their depredations upon the miners and settlers, and were the terror of all. Major Kearny determined, if possible, to give them battle, and finally found

them, three hundred braves strong, in the occupation of an excellent position. He ordered an attack, and, after a sharp engagement, succeeded in dislodging them, killing, wounding, and capturing fifty or more. It was here that the lamented, brave, and brilliant Stewart fell. The Indians retreated across Rogue River, and feeling that they had not been sufficiently chastised, the Major concluded to pursue them, and, whilst in the prosecution of this purpose, I joined him. He followed until the Indians made a stand, quite favorable to themselves, on Evans Creek, about thirty miles distant from the scene of their late disaster. Here he again attacked them, killed and wounded a few, and captured about forty, among the latter a very important prisoner in the person of the Great Chief's favorite wife. By means of this capture, and these successes, an advantageous peace was obtained. Being an eye-witness, in part, of Kearny's movements and action, I can, with great truth, and do with no less pleasure, bear testimony to his gallantry as a soldier and his ability as an officer. I was then, and still am, sensible of the great good secured to Oregon by his achievements at that particular time."

On the 9th October, 1851, Major Kearny again resigned from the army, and sailing from San Francisco, made a voyage round the world. What he saw—and he visited a great many places whither, at that time, our people seldom went—he described with vigor and effect, but on that it is not permitted here to enter. In 1853 he was in Paris, and thence returned home, recalled by urgent business. Then it was that he met with a very severe accident, which served as a "bitter spring" to influence his after life, and doubtless prevented him from proceeding to the Crimea. In 1856, he was present in Moscow at the coronation of Alexander II., then visited Spain and returned to Paris, where he was living when the war was determined upon with the Austrians, in Italy. Sufficient be it to say that he behaved so well there, especially at Solferino, that, upon the recommendation of the French cavalry general,

Morris, to whose command he was immediately attached, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Here, in spite of restricted space, his judgment upon the final battle of the campaign must be admitted. He always agreed with the opinion, expressed so often, century after century, that it has almost passed into a proverb: "No Austrian army ever fought a battle out." This is about equivalent to the erroneous judgment upon which Grant determined, after being made Lieutenant-General, to stay with the Army of the Potomac and see that it did this, and it must be admitted he fought it to pieces. Kearny said: "Had the Austrians fought at Solferino as the English at Inkerman—'a soldier's fight,' as the English commander admits,—the French would not have had the ghost of a chance."

It was conceded by those who had the best opportunity of judging, even by rebel agents and advocates, that Major Kearny rendered important services to the loyal North in Paris when the ominous clouds were gathering together which broke in the tempest of Rebellion in 1861. And then, when the storm had burst upon the country, he hastened to do with his single hand what he had hitherto done with his equally trenchant tongue. In the prime of life, highly cultivated in the theory of his profession, as well as practically acquainted with the working of it, with the experience of 46 years, he had a right to suppose that his claims for a brigadier-generalship would have been graciously received and promptly granted by his native State, New York. Backed by the testimonials of Scott and others, he would have done better in going direct to Lincoln, who would have understood and appreciated the man, the "Mr. Kerny" he so admired for his soldiership and liberality and energy in 1846. Instead Kearny presented himself to the solid (sarcastic) war committee of his native State as a son offering his primal services to a parent who is entitled to it. With a stolidity of which the case of Kearny was by no means the only example, they ignored the claims

of his generous heart, his full brain, and his empty sleeve. They also rejected the services of others capable of returning a hundred-fold for the commission demanded, but none more able or brave than Phil Kearny. The writer as of first knowledge knows this. Then with a feeling such as was evinced when "Paul and Barnabas waxed bold" and said, rejected by the Jews, "Now we turn to the Gentiles," Kearny turned to the gallant little State of New Jersey. With a sense that was totally wanting in the old fogies, the hackneyed politicians, and the big wigs of New York, who could see virtue in bullies and bummers and braggarts and beats, while they were blind to real merit and the distinction of position and power of mind, New Jersey gladly accepted the services of Major Philip Kearny, gave him a brigade and have never been forgetful of the return service that he rendered, except when there was at her head one who is said to have committed "posthumous hari-kiri" or suicide, showing who, however severe has been the judgment of any writer upon him while living, by a very poetical as well as practical justice, himself proved by what he left behind that Kearny's condemnation was not too severe." "A model brigade and a pattern brigade commander reported to General Scott at Washington, three regiments, on the 29th June, 1861, and a fourth regiment, with a battery of six pieces, on the 21st August following. It was on time, in time, and at the nick of time. The first battle of Bull Run was fought and lost on the 21st July. In the Tohu-Bohu succeeding that military disaster, such a general as Kearny and such a force as the First New Jersey Brigade was the one thing needed. On the 29th September, Kearny made the first important demonstration which occurred since the loss of Bull Run. During that terrible fall and winter of inaction, disgraceful to the chief upon whom the guilt must rest, although he alone was not guilty, because he had plenty of backers who knew better, Kearny, who although in one sense compulsorily idle through others, was very industrious in every direction which depended upon

himself alone. With the first days of spring, 1862, the second advance to Manassas was *permitted*. The word *permitted* is italicized because McClellan *hobbled* ahead while Kearny flew. On Sunday, 9th March, Kearny's troops were at Sangster's R. R. station between 3 and 4 P. M., over eleven miles in advance of any other part of the army moving in that direction, and sent the enemy flying. On Monday by 11 A. M. he was in Centreville. As it was, Kearny did enough to show what he might have done had he been let loose instead of being pulled to and fro by see-saw orders. His report of what he did do, was not only suppressed but must have been destroyed, because it was not and has never been found, unless it has turned up when too late after Colonel Scott took charge of the chaos of military documents long after the war. New Jersey, however, highly appreciated what her military representative in the field had done.

Then, after Manassas, was the time to have gone ahead. A bold "forward" then would have carried the Army of the Potomac, on the heels of the flying or retreating enemy, into Richmond. No directing mind seemed to recognize that "a victorious army is insensible to fatigue," and that, as Marshal Saxe said, "a beaten enemy can be pursued with the rattling of peas in bladders."

After this the armed colossus relapsed into paralysis.

"The Affair of Rivers" was decided on, and in March and in April was carried into execution. Kearny sailed with the rest on the 17th April, and remained cooped up on the transports until the 30th. Meanwhile a vacancy occurred in the command of the third division—which became the first on the 3d August following—of the third army corps, and it was given to Kearny. He left his New Jersey brigade with sorrow and pain, and his troops saw him go with tears and grief. The miscalled siege of Yorktown, of which the defence was a bluff on the part of the rebels and a disgrace to the general before their works, ended on the night of the 3d May. Jameson, "general of the trenches" one of Kearny's new brigadiers, was the first

to enter the rebel works at 6 A. M., 4th May. While other troops marched off in pursuit of the retreating enemy, Kearny was left behind, so that when Hooker overtook the rebels at Williamsburgh, Kearny had been left far in the rear. Hooker, by afternoon, had fought as stiff a fight as was ever fought by any portion of the Army of the Potomac and was about fought out, having, as he said, been left to take care of himself with thirty thousand good soldiers standing by like spectators without rendering any support. This is not as strong as Hooker put it in his report. When, "faint but pursuing," Hooker looked around for the help at hand, which did not stretch out a hand to help him, all at once help did come that could have been least expected to arrive, and Kearny thrust himself in between Hooker and the horror of the situation. Kearny, whose division was the last to leave the lines at Yorktown, was the first to come up and save Hooker, plowing through the ocean of mud, through obstacles natural and unnatural, through the dilatory, the malingerers, the exhausted, unwilling, and mishandled. Kearny saved Hooker, as Stevenson testifies, in every sense of the word. At what time Kearny got upon the ground has been discussed until the subject is threadbare. He himself says 2 P. M. One of his aides-de-camp, in a letter from the battlefield, fixes 2:30 P. M. Subsequently, in conversation, the same aide stated that Kearny ordered him to keep the time, and he did so; that the actual record was lost, but that he knew that Kearny got up at 2:30 P. M., and that his regiments were engaged at 3 P. M. Heintzelman testifies to the earlier hour of 2:30 P. M., and the *Evening Post's* war correspondent corroborates Kearny's own opinion of 2 P. M.

The battle of Williamsburgh, Monday, 5th May, 1862, cannot be fought over again here, although it was the first stand-up and stick-to-it fight of the Army of the Potomac which had always had fight enough in it if he at the head had let it get out. It was the crimson aurora of the magnificent day illumined by the glory of "the old fight-

ing third corps as WE understand it," of which the badge, the diamond, was instituted by Kearny, upon which the brilliant sunset at Appomattox Court House of 9th April, 1865, closed in upon the few veteran remnants of organizations that witnessed the day-spring about three years and eleven months previously.

O that space would permit an adequate development of all that the writer knew, knows, and has learned since! In 1869 he published his "Personal and Military History of Philip Kearny": alas for him styled by General Scott "the bravest man I ever knew, and the most perfect soldier," the pen must travel on with giant strides in seven-league boots! Of the Peninsula campaign from Williamsburgh to Malvern Hill, Kearny expressed his opinion in language more just than agreeable. He foresaw every thing, and, like all trustworthy prophets, he had no hearing, and the disaster which he felt must come, fell upon the army like shocks of an earthquake. Never did man do his duty better. His conduct at Seven Pines evoked the ringing verses of Stedman, all sufficient to crown him as a poet if he had never written any thing else. At Fair Oaks or Seven Pines Kearny and Hooker could have gone into Richmond, supported by the bulldog Sumner, if they had been permitted; again, at Fair Oaks, second, (Oak-Grove or the Orchard), the first of those grand and never-to-be-forgotten contests called "the Seven Days of Battle." That he was all himself at Savage Station and in White Oak Swamp or at Glendale, Fraser or Nelson's farm or Newmarket Cross-roads. There can be no denial that in the latter he was magnificent. The story has been told by an officer and eye-witness in tones that rang like blasts of the "air-shattering trumpet."

Glendale resulted in a victory for the Union forces. "The rebel troops became a mob, and fled in terror toward Richmond." "A mournful wail was heard from Glendale during that long dismal night, lit up by the red glare of torches flitting to and fro as the rebels gathered up

their wounded. On this occasion Kearny held about the centre of our line."

During the Six Days' Retreat and the Seven Days' Fighting, Kearny seems to have been the only general whose foresight is demonstrated by recorded words; who perceived that the danger arose from moral feebleness in the direction which could be only met by extra exertion and prevision on the part of the subordinates.

Tuesday, 1st July, 1862, our "Boys in Blue" were drawn up on the pleasant estate of Dr. Carter, known as Malvern Hill, and there the Army of the Potomac won a Hohenlinden victory which, under any other general, would have been improved, and resulted in the capture of Richmond.

Kearny occupied the centre of the line. However well the loyal troops fought, no part of the result was due to the Commander-in-Chief. It has been a matter of question if he was on the field; he certainly did not post his army. After the final clinch on the bloody slope of Malvern Hill, when the enemy recoiled, bleeding and crushed, from the unbroken and defiant Union line, Kearny felt, through every fibre of his spirit, that a swift advance would have crushed the exhausted rebel force, and, by the seizure of its capital, dealt a death-blow to the Rebel Government. The failure to seize any of these opportunities extorted from "the brave and chivalrous Kearny," the memorable condemnation attributed to him in more than one popular history, which was uttered in the presence of several officers, and recorded in a number of letters and narratives.

The administration having determined to withdraw McClellan's army from Harrison's Landing, where he had "packed it like herrings in a box," Kearny's division marched thence on the 15th August, reached Yorktown on the 20th, embarked on transports, landed at Alexandria, and at 1:30 P.M. of the next day was at Burke's Station. On the 23d succeeding that "night of darkness and storm," "that terrible night of the 22d," Colonel Paine's

"darkest night he ever knew," "Kearny's division and Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves were the first troops from the Army of the Potomac to re-inforce—that is, effectively, in face of the enemy—the Army of Virginia."

Justice has never been done to Pope, but every kind of injustice. If the same kind of justice had been done to those deserving it, one would have been spared the opportunity of furnishing materials for a book by which he is said to have committed "post-mortem hari-kiri." Had Pope been supported as Humphreys said Hancock always supported his brother corps-commanders, and as Humphreys himself ever lent assistance to those who needed it, the Army of Northern Virginia would not have survived to fight a drawn battle at Antietam, nor would those who succeeded Pope have had other chances to display incapacity or whatever else characterized the doings which read so painfully in the history of the Army of the Potomac.

Kearny seemed to feel none of that unwillingness to serve under Pope which actuated so many of his rank in the Army of the Potomac. He appeared to comprehend the whole case.

"How do they expect Pope," he wrote, under date of August 4, 1862, "to beat, with a very inferior force, the veterans of Ewell and Jackson? Get me and my 'fighting division' with Pope" and in the same letter, "With Pope's army I would breathe again."

O that opportunity was afforded to renew in this connection the bitter grief which fills the writer's heart at recalling the events which preceded and led up to the engagement at Chantilly, which was undoubtedly one of the subordinately but immediately decisive conflicts of the war!

Count Tolstoi in his "War and Peace"—a novel, a sermon, a history, and a criticism combined,—but more decidedly in his "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign," has shown how little men, popularly rated as great, have to do with the circumstances over which to the masses

they appear to exercise control. Still if McClellan and those that he influenced had done by Pope a small share of what Kearny did for Hooker at Williamsburgh, Lee would have been defeated, crushed, ruined, and if human testimony without corroborating contemporary documents is trustworthy, Kearny, not McClellan again, would have been at the head of the Army of the Potomac; but it was not so to be.

In presenting the character of General Kearny it is an extremely difficult task to convey a correct impression, or, rather, to do justice to him. The veteran General Scott summed him up as "the bravest man I ever knew, and the most perfect soldier." "No officer living," said the great William III., of Orange, "who has seen so little service as my Lord Marlborough [who, after Wellington, was the first of English generals] is so fit for great commands." Perhaps no equal number of words could be selected to express more justly Phil Kearny's capabilities for a "great captain." Again, the memorial of the famous Count William of Schaumburg-Lippe characterizes its subject as "Ein Mann voll stiller Grosse." This, likewise, is appropriate to Kearny. It is said that no first-class general neglects to keep a reserve in hand for the crisis. Whatever exertion Kearny was called upon to make, there was always in him an immense power in reserve, which seemed incapable of being exhausted. Whatever had been the drafts made upon his brain-force, there seemed to be something still left behind for an emergency. He did not fall short in any requisite of a great general: first-class in organization, administration, and command, he exerted a marvellous electrifying effect in action, and perhaps no man had a clearer apprehension of topography, one of the most necessary qualities of a commander, he seemed to carry a case of maps in his hand. It is related that during the Seven Days' Retreat he rode up to the house of an old settler to obtain a corroboration of his explorations, of the lay of the land and of the run of the roads and the streams.

An officer present stated that his questions demonstrated he had discovered and knew by personal reconnoitring all the details which the old settler had acquired through a lifelong residence in the same district.

There is no use, however, in adding praise to praise, and the following verses by Edmund Clarence Stedman, the broker-poet, will serve as a summary. Moltke, in a speech after the great Prusso-French war, observed that, do what the soldier might to win renown, his posthumous fame, after all, was made by the historian, or his biographer, or the poet, especially the latter. In this brief sketch an attempt has been made to present in the space accorded some idea of the life and services of a hero ; let the poet do the rest.



KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES.

BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'T was the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and
Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose
highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine;
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
“There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!”

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade
brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.

Up came the reserves to the *melée* infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
“Oh, anywhere! Forward! ’T is all the same, Colonel:
You ’ll find lovely fighting along the whole line!”

Oh, veil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army’s pride!
Yet we dream that he still—in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer’s
sign—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

A DASHING DRAGOON.
THE MURAT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.



A DASHING DRAGOON.

THE MURAT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

(From "Onward," January, 1869, vol. I., p. 25.)

(In the single copy preserved by Gen. de Peyster.)

THERE is a name among the military heroes of America not so often spoken as it should be ; but which, when spoken, never fails to strike upon the ear with an interest almost romantic. In it the soldier recognizes the ring of the true metal ; and its mention calls up the image of as fine a dragoon officer as ever drew sabre or set foot in a stirrup.

This officer was Philip Kearny.

Was ! How sad an old comrade feels in penning the past tense ! Would I could say *is !*

Alas ! it cannot be. His life-blood, of which he was so daringly regardless, has fertilized the sod of Chantilly ; his ashes rest in the tomb of his ancestors ; and his heroic soul has passed to a more peaceful world. But for that fatal shot that made him a corpse in the saddle, his name would now have been louder upon the lips of his countrymen. For the man who cried " Cowardice or treason ! " when Malvern Hill was so basely abandoned to the foe, would have led to victory had he lived ; and this man was General Philip Kearny.

To say this is no disparagement to the successful leaders who survived him. I don't think there is one among them will deny that, had Phil Kearny not met premature death, he would have achieved rank second to none, as second to none has he won reputation. And it is a reputation that will, year after year, and day after day, grow

brighter; as, under the calm retrospect of peace, his deeds of warlike daring—of high chivalric heroism—become better known.

It is not my purpose to write the biography of General Philip Kearny. There are other pens better fitted for the task; and some one of them will no doubt perform this national duty. It should be a labor of love for any patriot to write the story of such a life; and there is no patriot who should not read it. I am incapable: for while Kearny was engaged in that grand struggle, that gave the latest proofs, alike of his gallantry as devotion to his country's cause, I was far away in a distant quarter of the globe.

In the lesser strife, that by something more than a decade preceded it—the second conquest of Mexico,—I was by his side, and saw him do a deed that fixed him in my mind forever after as a “dashing dragoon.”

It is of this deed, too little known, I desire to make record; so that it may assist the future biographer of the gallant Kearny, as also the historian of that spirited Mexican expedition—still but feebly chronicled. Partly for these reasons, and partly that the eye-witnesses of those far-distant events—in their day thought stirring, and still picturesque—are gradually growing less in number.*

Alas, that from among us Phil Kearny is missing! But his memory is with us; and now for a chapter that will not only recall him to the thoughts of his old comrades, but his countrymen, in all the dash, the daring, the unparalleled picturesqueness of his character.

It was the battlefield, known in history as *Churubusco*; so called from a stream of the name, with a village upon its banks—a cluster of huts and churches, with a grand convent rising massively in their midst. It is on the famed National Road, leading south towards Acapulco from the City of Mexico, and about five miles from the suburb of the latter city—the *garita* of San Antonio de Abad.

* The singular manner of Phil Kearny's death is not generally known; but to describe it is a task too painful for a friend.

The crossing of the stream was defended by a battery on the *tête de pont*, by flanking works along the banks on both sides, and by a strong body of troops that occupied the convent of Churubusco, for the time transformed into a fortress.

It cost the American army a deadly struggle to take these works; all the deadlier that they were defended by two hundred brave Irishmen, who, as is too often the case, were fighting on the wrong side. They were deserters, and fought in despair—with the prospect of a halter if taken.* The *tête de pont*, although desperately defended, was at length carried; the sooner that a brigade of gallant volunteers, sent round by the left flank, pressed the enemy at the Hacienda Los Portales. But for this, it is a question whether Churubusco would have been carried so soon.

This brigade, sent as above-mentioned to the left, on its own side, had enough work to do. It consisted of the New York and South Carolina regiments.

As we stood side by side that day, our flags swayed by the same breeze, our muzzles pointed in the same direction, who could have thought that those standards should ever be seen in opposing ranks, or those bayonets ever clash in the conflict of internecine strife? Surely not one of *us*.

No; we had enough to think of without that, as our men fell, side by side, or one upon the other, mingling their life-blood together—the best of the North, as of the South.

And both flowed equally, as freely! In those days men used to talk of Waterloo and its terrible carnage. Man for man, there was more blood spilled at Churubusco.

* They *were* taken, and fifty of them hanged in one morning—the morning on which Chapultepec was stormed. Twenty-eight were hanged at one place. Simultaneously, and by tap of drum, were they launched into eternity. It was a terrible retribution, but could not well be avoided. On that day the fate of the American army hung suspended as on a thread, and the example was one of stern necessity.

The writer of this sketch was in command of sixty volunteer soldiers. When the action was over, he counted thirty-two of them lying on the grass, nearly a dozen of them dead! After this it is not necessary to say they were brave. And it needed all their courage to carry the defences of Los Portales. There was a time when they wavered. What troops would not have done so under a shower of leaden hail that, in addition to half their numbers, laid low nearly every field-officer in the brigade? It would have been no cowardice had they at that time retreated.

But they did not. A young officer, belonging to the New York regiment,* sprang forth, and called upon them to follow him to the charge. The Irish drummer, Murphy, dashed out after; gave a soul-stirring tap to his drum, and, as if keeping time to its quick rolling, Empires and Palmettos rushed forward at bayonet charge.

The coming of the cold steel was a warning to the Mexican troops. A squadron of their cavalry, threatening a charge on our left, wheeled their horses quick about, and went off at a hand gallop for the city; while the foot defenders of Los Portales and the causeway of the Acapulco road flung down their discharged *escopettes*, and scattered off through swamp and chaparral. Still led by the New York officer, the remnants of the half-slaughtered brigade plunged breast-deep into the slimy *zanca*, clambered up the causeway, and continued the pursuit along the level road.

Exhausted by the long-continued struggle, saturated with water from sole to waist, laden with sink-mud, they made but slow progress.

But at that moment there appeared, coming along the causeway, a troop going quicker, that promised to take the pursuit off their hands. It was a troop [a squadron] of horsemen, with horses all of light iron gray color.†

* Mayne Reid, the writer himself.

† Kearny took great pride in his dragoons, and had their horses in

Emerging from the smoke-cloud of Churubusco, they looked like a band of angels with Gabriel at their head! It was KEARNY with his squadron of cavalry. Before the fatigued foot had time to congratulate themselves on the relief, the dragoons came sweeping past. They were going at full gallop in half sections of twos, the men with sloped sabres, the horses with snorting nostrils, each buried in the spread tail of that preceding him; the hoofs of all striking simultaneously on the firm crown of the causeway, as if they were galloping to set music!

At their head rode a man of slight stature, with light-colored hair, and a complexion to correspond. A long tawny moustache became the classical type of face, and somewhat aquiline nose that surmounted it. They were features belonging to a natural-born commander, and looked in their place at the head of a charging troop. They were the features of PHIL KEARNY.

The young New York officer, recognizing them as those of his gallant friend, cried out to his tired comrades: "Now, boys; three cheers for Phil Kearny! You've still breath enough for that?" The shout that responded showed he had not mistaken their strength. Most of them were New Yorkers, and knew that Kearny was of their kind.

The dragoons had scarce passed when an aide-de-camp rode up, bearing a message from the Commander-in-Chief. It was an order *to stay the pursuit!* It was given to a lieutenant-colonel, the only field officer upon the ground. The order came upon the men like a bomb-shell, projected from the rear. Stop the pursuit! What did it mean? They had put the enemy to flight; and they knew he would not again make stand to oppose them that side the city—nor even in the city; for the scare upon his scattered troops would be sure to carry them clear through it, especially when chased by Kearny. Stop the pur-

uniform—a beautiful dapple gray. This had been effected, at considerable expense to himself, by exchanging the regulation horse for a handsomer and better.

suit! What could it mean? The lieutenant-colonel could not tell. He could only beg of them to obey. They laughed at him, for he had not led them; and only looked to the lieutenant who had. The latter listened to the order from the aide-de-camp, for it was at length directed to him, as the only one who had the power to enforce obedience to it. "'T is a fatal mistake," said he, "and General Scott will find it out in time. We have the city in our power; and it will cost more blood to get it so again." "The orders are for you to halt!" shouted the aide-de-camp, who, accompanied by a cavalry bugler, galloped on after the dragoons. "Halt!" cried the New York lieutenant, flinging himself in front of the pursuers, and raising his sword with an air of determination. It was a command that came only from a sense of military duty, and the word faltered upon his lips, as he pronounced it. "Halt did yez say, liftinant?" "Halt!" repeated the officer, in a firmer tone. "If *you* say halt, begorrah, we'll do it; but not for any other officer in the Amirekean army!" With the sword held at point, the lieutenant stood determinedly pointing them; and the men came reluctantly to a stand. They had scarce done so, when a spectacle commenced passing before their eyes that made every man of them sad—almost mad. Back along the road came riding the squadron [troop] of Kearny, not as they had passed before, at full gallop, in the flush of a vigorous charge; but slow and dejected as if returning from a reverse. And in the rear rode their leader, his left arm no longer grasping the reins, but hanging by his side, like the sling jacket of a hussar!

The tale was soon told. Some half-mile beyond the spot where the aide-de-camp halted us, the enemy had cut the Acapulco road and thrown a parapet across it, with the usual fosse outside. Here a few of their bravest men had determined on making a last stand. But Kearny, braver than they, riding at wild gallop, had leaped his horse into the work—with one spring, clearing both ditch and parapet! His faithful sergeant had followed him;

both, as soon as they alighted, plying their sabres upon the enemy inside! At that moment sounded the recall bugle of the orderly accompanying Scott's aide-de-camp; and the American dragoons, trained to the signal, pulled short up outside.

It was a terrible predicament! Alone within the entrenchment, surrounded by a score of assailants, Kearny and his sergeant had no other alternative but retreat; and, wheeling right about, both headed their horses to releap the ditch. Their gallant grays carried them across—the sergeant safe; but the best cavalry officer in the American army received a [canister] shot in his left arm that caused him instantaneously to let go his bridle rein. It pained me to see it hanging loose, as he and his squadron filed past, going back along the Acapulco road. But the cheer that saluted his return was far more sympathetic and not less enthusiastic than that sent after him in his impetuous charge. In the battle of Churubusco, as on other Mexican fields, the writer of this sketch commanded a corps of men—who were a strange conglomeration of veterans and *vieux sabreurs*. They had seen service on almost every European field, as also in Asia and Africa. They had been organized in New York City, under the ægis of an old Napoleonic officer—the Count de Bongars. By the incidence of campaign life they came under my command shortly after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and so continued till peace was sealed by the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo. Among them were many cavalry men, who had been trained in the first schools, and taken part in celebrated charges. One and all confessed to me they had never witnessed a charge so perfect, so compact, so *dashing*, as that led by Phil Kearny along the causeway of San Antonio de Abad. To convince me of this, I did not need their testimony: for I too had seen something of cavalry service—enough to know that, if there be any dispute as to who is the *Murat* of the American army, it must be between two men of similar Christian names—two Philips: in short, between *Kearny* and *Sheridan*.

MAYNE REID.



CORRESPONDENCE.



CORRESPONDENCE.

HEAD-QUARTERS, 1ST BRIGADE,
CAMP THREE MILES FROM BULL'S RUN,
March 9, 1862, 2½ P.M.

CAPTAIN PURDY, A. A.-G. :

SIR:—On information of my scout, I felt justified in making, this day, a reconnoissance to Sangster's Station. We have done this with caution, and forced in their pickets, which were in some force at Sangster's.

Col. Taylor commanded the advance. Col. Simpson with uncommon judgment echeloned our supports and guarded us from attacks from our right.

A cavalry charge, unrivaled in brilliancy, headed by Lieut. Hidden, Lincoln Horse, broke them, captured them, annihilated them. It was paid for with his life. A lieutenant and many foot are in our hands.

The Lincoln Horse has distinguished itself, also, in our patrols, which report the ox-road and further country safe. The 3d Reg., N. J. Vols., has been, so far, in the advance, the 2d supporting it; Col. Simpson holding Fairfax Station and intermediate country; 1st Reg. at Burkes.

The country has been safely covered at all points. The enemy evidently is disheartened and retiring. Their cars are continually running to Manassas.

Sir, I await further orders, my original ones being to remain at Burkes.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

P. KEARNY.

HEAD-QUARTERS, NEW JERSEY BRIGADE,
CAMP SEMINARY, March 19, 1862.

DEAR MADAME:—A sad duty makes me intrude on the hallowed nature of your sorrow. Whilst you lament the son, as commander and present where he proved the hero, I ask to sympathize with you in his glory.

As far as that son, citizen, and soldier belonged to his country, I have done him justice in my report of the engagement. His brilliant victory and daring courage have been made history. But here, Madame, my hopes of consolation for you end. With whatever fortitude you may alleviate your sorrows, for you, as mother, there can be no diminishing by his public glory the anguish of the parent; as far as comrades in arms of that son, in my own name and for them all, I beg to assure you of our sympathies.

With great respect, yours most sincerely,

P. KEARNY, *Brig.-General*.

MRS. HIDDEN, New York.

HEAD-QUARTERS, NEW JERSEY BRIGADE,
CAMP, November 8, 1861.

SIR:—Dr. Hamilton requests to purchase fresh beef. I am not aware of any objections in a single or a few cases, if so ordered by Gen. Franklin.

BUT officers cannot have choice pieces; they must take it as it comes.

I enforce this most rigidly in my own case.

Respectfully,

P. KEARNY, *M.-G.*

CAPT. PURDY, *A. A.-Gen. Div. Head-quar.*

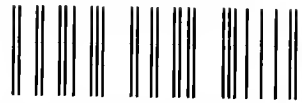
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